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THE LAST POET.

BY N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

"When will our bards be weary
Of rhyming on? How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song?

"Is it not, long since, empty,
The horn of full supply;
And all the posies gathered,
And all the fountains dry?"

As long as the sun's chariot
Yet keeps its azure track,
And but one human visage
Gives answering glances back;

As long as skies shall nourish
The thunderbolt and gale,
And, frightened at their fury,
One throbbing heart shall quail;

As long as after tempests
Shall spring one showery bow,
One breast with peaceful promise
And reconcilement glow;

As long as night the concave
Sows with its starry seed,
And but one man those letters
Of golden writ can read;

Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
Or bosom sighs a vow;
Long as the wood leaves rustle
To cool a weary brow;

As long as roses blossom,
And earth is green in May;
As long as eyes shall sparkle
And smile in pleasure's ray;

As long as cypress shadows
The graves more mournful make,
Or one cheek's wet with weeping,
Or one poor heart can break;—

So long on earth shall wander
The goddess Poesy,
And with her, one exulting
Her votarist to be.

And singing on, triumphing,
The old earth-mansion through,
Out marches the last minstrel;—
He is the last man too.

The Lord holds the creation
Forth in His hand meanwhile,
Like a fresh flower just opened,
And views it with a smile.

When once this Flower Giant
Begins to show decay,
And earths and suns are flying
Like blossom-dust away;

Then ask,—if of the question
Not weary yet,—"How long,
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song?"

THE MAGNETIC PORTRAITS.

BY WILLIAM NORTH.

CHAPTER I.

It was in Berlin I first saw the Professor Ariovistus Dunkelheim. I found him seated in his studio, smoking a pipe, with a spiral glass tube six feet long, whose glittering convolutions absolutely dazzled the eye-sight. His head was bald, saving a kind of scalp-lock that came down to a point over the centre of his forehead, and two tufts at the side so stiff and wiry that they resembled horns, and gave the professor an aspect which reminded me of the popular portraits of Satan.

His large, long, bottle-green eyes, with coal-black lashes, and brows that nearly met, had a most unpleasant expression of critical penetration. His nose was thin and beak-like, his mouth a line, which a great artist might have drawn by one masterly stroke of the pencil. His visage was long, and in stature he was very tall. This became apparent as he rose, on my entering the apartment.

"I have heard," said I, "Herr Professor, that you have effected some very curious improvements in the daguerreotype?"

"Improvements!" replied the Professor, with suppressed disdain; "I believe Newton *improved* on the system of Ptolemy. Improvements, indeed! So they call a new science—the most wonderful science ever invented—an *improvement*? No, sir, my *invention* has no more to do with Daguerre's crude experiments, than the man in the moon with the London Bible Society! Look here! you see this polished plate of steel—is it not a perfect mirror?"

"Perfect—the reflection is exact!"

"I can *fix* that reflection."

"As I see it?"

"As you see it. But I can do more—do that to which the mere fixing of the reflection is a trifle. However, my hours are precious. I was just meditating on an electric telegraph without wires, as you entered, and had all but mastered the details. Excuse my asking you at once, what is your object in calling upon me?"

"To learn whether you are prepared to take for me, by your newly-invented process, two portraits, the one of myself—"

"And the other?"

"Of a lady."

"An old lady—a grandmother?"

"A beautiful girl of nineteen—the loveliest woman in Berlin."

"Your mistress?"

"My betrothed."

"Good," said the Professor. "Come to-morrow, at this hour, and your wish shall be gratified."

"And the terms—I merely ask, in order that I may bring the requisite sum with me?"

"I am a man of science, not a trader," replied the Professor. "However, you can allow me to keep copies of the portraits, as I am desirous of increasing my collection of specimens, and as you say the young lady is pretty, her likeness will be an interesting acquisition."

At these words, the Professor seemed very much amused by some reflection that passed through his mind, for his ordinarily inscrutable countenance relaxed into a faint ironical smile, whilst something of a sensual softness came over his dark eyes, as he bowed gravely at the door, through which I vanished.

On the following morning I was punctual to my appointment. Elora Von Rabenstock was on my arm. A modest blush overspread her fair delicate features (a refinement on Danecker's Ariadne,) as Dunkelheim greeted her with a look of unequivocal admiration. His piercing gaze and singular expression disconcerted Elora, and I felt angry with the Professor for being a person of so uncomfortable an aspect. No fault, however, was to be found with his manners. His courtesy left nothing to be desired. Perceiving my intended bride's embarrassment, he strove to relieve it by drawing her attention to some galvanized reptiles, which he caused to writhe and twist in a very remarkable manner. This would have alarmed many girl's of Elora's age. But Elora was an angel of light as well as of beauty.

We had laid the foundation of our love deeper than the passions—in intellectual sympathy. Together we had plucked of the tree of knowledge, as well as of the tree of life, and learned to make the bitters of the one add a relish to the often cloying sweetness of the other. Never was Elora weary of the study of nature, or of the mysteries of science.

Bidding us take our seats before what appeared to be merely two plates of highly polished steel, the Professor next desired us to remain perfectly motionless with our eyes fixed upon their mirrored counterparts. Scarcely had he uttered this direction, when he relieved us from the task by the surprising assurance that the portraits were already perfected. Our astonishment may be imagined, when detaching the two steel mirrors from the complicated apparatus that supported them, and which only became fully visible on their removal, he assured us that the operation was completed.

Without giving us time to gratify our natural curiosity, he placed the plates in a flat morocco case, and informed us that it was absolutely essential that they should remain in total darkness for the ensuing twelve hours.

"For the action," said the Professor, "is of so subtle an electro-galvanic, or, more correctly speaking, magnetic (that is, to use Reichenbach's phraseology, *odylib*) character, that the influence of the daylight would in a few minutes destroy the impressions. Artificial light, however, unless produced by electricity, will not affect them perceptibly for a long period. It is, therefore, only at night-time, and by lamp-light, that it is advisable to regard the portraits. Now, resume your seats for a few seconds longer, in order that I may take duplicates for myself,—thank you, that will do. Here is your case. It is now noon, do not open it till midnight. Good morning, Frau lein; good morning, my young poet. I know you better than you know me, and shall know you still better—adieu."

And so we departed from the presence of a man in whom I then little dreamed of recognizing the object of an implacable and eternal hatred.

Yet even in the valedictory smile of the Professor was a menacing significance, which I afterwards recalled with horror. It was the grin of the devil when he defrauds man of his soul, the exultation of the priest when he cheats woman of her reason.

"Thank God! we are out of the presence of that man!" exclaimed Elora.

I made no answer, for I felt that a sympathetic shudder pervaded both our frames. The same evening, Elora was slightly indisposed, and retired early to rest. Thus it happened that—in the solitude of my own apartment—I first contemplated the results of the Professor's mysterious science. I opened the case, and took out one of the steel plates. I regarded it closely. It reflected my own features like a common mirror. The Professor was a farceur, his discovery a hoax! his mysterious smile the vulgar triumph of a mere practical joker!

"Pshaw! it is but a paltry jest!" I muttered, indignantly, as I dashed what I now took to be a worthless plate of metal to the ground. The disappointment was intense, and I paced rapidly up and down, to calm the feelings of irritation that possessed me. In so doing, my eye repeatedly fell upon the plate of polished metal, as it lay upon the floor. Its glitter became an eye-sore and a nuisance. I resolved to replace it in the box, in order that its contemplation might no longer annoy my nerves. In so doing, my glance rested accidentally upon the second plate, the aspect of which at once filled me with astonishment and wonder. It was no deception, I indeed beheld Elora, Elora in all the glow of her matchless complexion and shining hair—Elora, as the most faithful mirror alone could represent her—Elora living, breathing, moving—yes, moving, for even as I gazed the soft blue eyes which met mine, evidently unconscious of my presence, closed gently, and were hidden by their snowy lids, whilst the rose-tinted lips parted slightly in a smile of angelic innocence, and a sleeping beauty's reflection replaced the waking image of my mistress.

The clock struck twelve—but it might have struck fifty, and I should scarcely have given the phenomenon a casual thought. It struck one—two—three—four—and still I remained riveted in contemplation of the changing reflex of my beautiful Elora, whose features had become the index of her dreams, and with every minute that passed expressed some new shade of feeling, some fresh gradation of internal emotion and changeful fancy.

It was, indeed, a glorious gift the Professor had given us! He well might claim for his invention the name of a new and unparalleled science! There could be no doubt but that an inexplicable sympathy rendered the metallic reflector a faithful mirror of the absent Elora's features, with all their variations of expression and loveliness. Delicious thought! From the present moment to the hour of our nuptials, our parting would be nominal and not real. Spiritually united, we could hardly be said to be materially separated; since the magic mirrors would, by the medium of the most noble of the senses, render us forever present to one another. How superior to the cold, ghastly, shadowy, immobility of the mere daguerreotype, were these living portraits of Dunkelheim's!

CHAPTER II.

Elora and I had no secrets from one another! but a hideous reminiscence, at this moment, rose like a phantom of evil to damp my enthusiasm for the portraits. *The Professor possessed copies.* Hateful and revolting idea! It was no longer Elora, but Dunkelheim, the critical and penetrating Dunkelheim, who would be enabled to watch every change in the expression of my face, to read my every thought, as in an open book, to amuse his leisure with the mockery of my inmost emotions, and—more horrible yet—Elora's! A loathsome and accursed fantasy! to live forever in the presence of such a man as Dunkelheim, to be forever subject to an excruciating moral espionage! to be denied for life, the security and luxury of privacy! to be haunted, in solitude, by an unseen tormentor!

I absolutely gnashed my teeth with rage, and, turning toward the pier glass, by accident was appalled at the deadly ferocity expressed by my ordinarily calm and serene countenance. The reflection that, probably, at that moment, the diabolical Professor was quietly watching my ghostly prototype, caused me, however, instantly to control the muscles of my features, and assume an indifferent expression. It would not do to let the Professor perceive my agitation, as it was my purpose to visit him on the following morning, and, either by fair means or force, obtain from him the restoration of the portraits he had retained.

I passed the rest of the night in gazing on the spectrum of Elora, in which occupation, however, I discovered a new and unexpected source of torture. The perpetual contemplation of her exquisite charms, in their careless and unconscious abandonment, awoke in me such a fever of impatient love, that a hundred times I was upon the point of dashing the tempting mirror to the ground, as I had dashed its companion portrait. But an irresistible fascination withheld me, and I continued to gaze and gaze with an intense and burning ardor that threatened to disorder my intelligence.

At length the hour for morning visits arrived. Before hastening to the Professor, an involuntary impulse guided my steps to the abode of Elora. I found her recovered from her indisposition, and attired in a morning dress of light blue muslin, that gave increased brilliance to her dazzling fairness of complexion. She sprang to meet me with her usual girlish disregard of ceremony, but paused suddenly in alarm, at the unusual paleness of my features, and the passionate intensity of my gaze.

"What is it, you are not well?" she exclaimed, timidly.

"Oh, Elora!" I exclaimed, suddenly seizing her hand, and drawing her towards me—"the portraits!"—and I told her all.

She returned my gaze of horror and perplexity, then, after a time, she said, gravely:

"My dear Ernest, I will never, never marry, whilst that man possesses our portraits—whilst—"

"I understand you, Elora," said I, drawing her closer to my heart; "whilst a detested stranger can, at will, become a witness of our most rapturous moments, our most secret delights, our—"

"You forget!" shrieked Elora, "that even now—" and we recoiled from one another in deep blushes and confusion, whilst Elora, fixing upon me a look of painful reproach, said, gently:

"Oh, Ernest, why—why did you subject me to this fearful experience?"

"Alas! how could I imagine all the consequences of an invention so unheard of, so portentous? But my resolution is taken—I go this instant to the Professor's. He either restores our portraits and our peace of mind, or—"

"Beware of violence! for my sake, Ernest—restrain your savage impetuosity."

"Or *he dies!*" I concluded, with a smile, intended to deceive the Professor, but which did not deceive Elora, who would have detained me, had I not rushed, like a madman, from the house.

On reaching the dwelling of the Professor, I learned that Ariovistus Dunkelheim had quitted Berlin that morning in a private travelling chariot, with all his baggage, and left no directions as to letters or visitors.

I returned to Elora in a condition of mono[illegible]

"[illegible] or devil! I will find him upon earth, if earth harbors him, or descend into hell in the pursuit!"

"Nonsense," said Elora. "After all, what difference does it make in reality. Let us forget that such a man as the Professor exists. But I have not seen the portraits."

I brought her mine, and left the room, that she might judge of the effect.

I found her in deep reflection.

"And you can watch me at all times, when I am alone?" said Elora.

"Certainly, dearest; I was gazing upon you all last night—you must have had delightful dreams!"

Elora became crimson.

"Give me that portrait!" she said, with downcast eyes, but impatient tone.

"Never—till I possess the original!"

"I insist upon it!"

"Dearest Elora, I cannot!"

"You *must!*" said Elora, imperiously, with one of those looks that conquer conquerors.

"No, the sacrifice is too great."

"It is less, I trust, than the sacrifice of your bride!" said Elora, in a lower, but not less imperious tone.

"My dearest love, why should our marriage be delayed?"

"Because a stranger shall not be present at our nuptials!" said Elora, hiding her face in her handkerchief.

I ventured to kiss her forehead.

"Wretch! would you expose me!"

Then returning to her former purpose, she again pertinaciously demanded my copy of herself.

"Not for all the gold in California!" I answered. "What! would you deny your lover a privilege possessed by Ariovistus Dunkelheim?"

Regardless of consequences, Elora sobbed convulsively on my bosom.

"*He* sees us," said I, gloomily; "but he cannot see his own sentence of death engraven on my heart. Farewell, my love; I go to seek Dunkelheim."

And I tore myself from her presence—but I carried the magic portrait in my bosom.

(To be concluded next week.)

DIARY OF WASHINGTON.

From the 1st day of October, 1789, to the 10th day of March, 1790; from the original MS. now first printed.

The following notice of this work, which, though printed, is not published, we copy from the *Historical Magazine:*

The announcement of the Washington Diary will excite no little attention. It is a most characteristic revelation of the private life of its author, at a time which bore the full fruit of his sagacity and experience. Every word is written with the fidelity of a court of conscience, as if each [illegible] pledged to a great service, had to be worthily accounted for. The diary opens in New York, during the adjournment of the first Congress, when the new President had a little leisure to look about him. The journey through New England was then undertaken. We may here follow it step by step as if we were receiving the story from the lips of the narrator after his day's ride. The notices of manners, society, agriculture, the condition of the animals, the state of the roads, show an earnest observation, intent on the plain practical realities of every-day life. The arrival at Boston is told with considerable minuteness. Washington unaffectedly recording the particulars of the inscriptions, "To the man who unites all hearts," "To Columbia's favorite Son," on the arch under which he passed to the State House. With respect to the indisposition and point of etiquette of Gov. Hancock, in relation to his visit to the President, we are distinctly informed by Washington, "I informed them (the Lieut. Governor and two of the Council) in explicit terms, that I should not see the Governor, unless it was at my own lodgings." It seems that Washington's arrival was accompanied by a prevailing cold which was popularly called the Washington Influenza, just as Mr. Lossing, the able editor of the Diary, reminds the reader, the *Tyler Grippe*, a half century later, attended another President's progress in the same region. The Journal goes on through Newburyport, Portsmouth, by way of Haverhill, through the interior of Massachusetts, by Douglas into Connecticut. On Sunday, "It being contrary to law and disagreeable to the people of this State (Connecticut) to travel on the Sabbath day—and my horses, after passing through such intolerable roads, wanting rest, I stayed at Perkin's tavern (which, by the by, is not a good one) all day—and a meetinghouse being within a few rods of the door I attended morning and evening service, and heard very lame discourses from a Mr. Pond." Mr. Lossing informs us that this was the Reverend Enoch Pond, who died in 1807, and that on his tombstone are inscribed these words: "Generous in temper, correct in science, and liberal in sentiment, the gentleman, the scholar, and the minister of the Sanctuary, appeared with advantage in Mr. Pond." On his arrival at New York, Washington fell upon Mrs. Washington's "night to receive visits," and he records, evidently with satisfaction, that "a pretty large company of ladies and gentlemen were present."

Though neatly written in the accustomed style of Washington, the Journal appears simply a private memorandum book to record facts of possible future use to the writer. Beyond that the record seldom goes. Thus the regular entries of church-going are almost in every instance (the unfortunate Mr. Pond being, we believe, the solitary exception) unaccompanied by any notice of the preacher, or his name, subject, or manner. It seems mostly to have been the object to possess the means of looking back and saying, "there I was, and that was I doing," on any particular day. Even his rides and drives take the plain description "Exercised on horseback," "Exercised in the carriage," as if it were obedient to a law of physical health rather than, as most would regard it, a simple act of pleasure and enjoyment. The frequent use of the word "respectable" in reference to the company at his levees, or his wife's receptions, is noticeable; evidently inserted with an eye to the strength of the new government.

The purely personal private details of the Diary are of rare interest. We may read how and where Washington rode or walked for exercise—the Battery being a favorite resort—by whom he was visited, his steady attendance at St. Paul's church in the forenoon of Sunday, his frequent employment of the afternoon in writing letters on his *private* affairs (always specified as such) to Mount Vernon, his sober meditation over public business, the studies for which, with the reasons for his proceedings, he regularly records. In fine, we may get such knowledge of the man, as in his own day only his intimate friends could readily have attained. When that man is Washington, who can set limits to the interest of the revelation?

The original MS. of this complete portion of Washington's numerous series of Diaries, is in the possession of Mr. J. Carson Brevoort. It is a thin oblong little volume, a cheap old-fashioned receipt book, filled from cover to cover with the writer's always neat entries. Many, of course, will desire to peruse the reprint, and we would suggest that an edition of it be printed for sale.

In the same periodical, we find several of Washington's hitherto unpublished letters, and among them the following, which as the editor remarks, is chiefly valuable, as it affords us a glimpse of the less reserved moods and moments of a man to whom an exquisite sense of propriety, taught a gentle and quiet reserve of expression and manner [not very gentle and quiet, the reader will observe, so far as Mons. Galvan is concerned.—ED. SATURDAY PRESS], which, as much as anything beside, denoted the usual harmony of his character.

This letter, it will be seen by reference, is necessary to the full understanding of the last paragraph of that which appears on page 77, vol. VI., of Spark's Collection:

WHITE PLAINS, Sept. 12, 1778.

DEAR SIR: A few days ago I wrote, in haste, a letter to you by Major Morris, and took the liberty of returning the gold you were so obliging as to send me by Jones. For your kind intention of forwarding that sum, and goodness in bringing Congress acquainted with my want of specie, you will please to accept my sincere and hearty thanks. These are also due to you for your polite attention in forwarding, for my perusal, the late exhibitions of Governor Johnstone and his brethren in commission. That of the former is really a curious performance. He tries to convince you that he is not at all hurt by, or offended at, the interdiction of Congress, and that he is not in a passion; while he exhibits abundant proof that he is cut to the quick, and biting his fingers in an agony of passion.

Your letter to Col. Laurens respecting Mons. Galvan, was forwarded to Rhode Island while he was on his return from Boston, by which means he missed it. This gentleman (if he may be so called, Mons. Galvan) waited on me a few days ago, and met with the reception due to his merit and conduct to you. The beginning of the next paragraph of that letter, excited my curiosity to pursue it to the end, and to my shame, I was reminded of my inattention to your favor of the 18th of June, which coming to hand upon my march through Jersey, and being laid by to be acknowledged at a time of more leisure, was entirely forgot till your inquiry after the letters from Messrs. Oswald and Manning recalled it to my recollection. I now return these letters, together with Gov. Johnstone's, and a tender of my thanks for the favor of perusing them. I am convinced that no apology can be more agreeable to you, in excuse for my neglect, than a plain narrative of the truth—and this I have offered.

I am sorry to find by your favor of 29th ult. that Mons. Gerard was indisposed. I hope his disorder was not of long continuance, and that he is now perfectly recovered. Having often heard this gentleman spoken of as a well-wisher to, and promoter of, the rights of America, I have placed him among the number of those we ought to revere. Should you see no impropriety in my (being a stranger to Mons. Gerard) presenting compliments to him, I would give you the trouble of doing this; and of assuring him, that I could wish to be considered (by him) as one of his admirers.

With every sentiment of esteem and regard,
I am, Dr. Sir, yr. oblig'd and
Affect. h'ble servt.
GO. WASHINGTON.

TO OUR PORTUGUESE READERS.

Everyone has heard of "Pigeon-English," the dialect in which business is transacted between the barbarian and the native of the Celestial Empire. A book has appeared in Paris, entitled *The New Guide of the Conversation, in Portuguese and English. O Novo Guia, etc. By J. da Fonseca and P. Carolino.* The English of this volume so strongly resembles the Pigeon-*patois* that I fancy the authors must have studied our tongue in the school of Hong-Kong; otherwise it is difficult to conceive how they could have had the audacity to concoct such an unprovoked and atrocious libel upon the language of an ancient ally. The work has at least one merit. There is nothing commonplace or mediocre about it; it is probably the worst book of its class in the world, and therefore deserves to be treated with the respect due to preeminence of any kind.

The authors say in their preface, that "A choice of familiar dialogues, clear of gallicisms and despoiled phrases, it was missing yet to studious Portuguese and Brazilian youth. We sought all we may do, to correct that want. . . . We did put a great variety now expressions to English and Portuguese idioms; without to attach ourselves (as make some others) almost at a literal translation. . . . increasing this second edition with a phraseology in the first part, and to second a Coin's index, *etc.* The works which we were conferring for this labor, fond use us for nothing: but those what were publishing to Portugual, or out, they were almost all composed for some foreign, or for some national little acquainted with the spirit of both languages. It was resulting from that carelessness to rest those works full of imperfections, *etc.* We expect then, who the little book, (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptation of the studious persons, and especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly." "This Second edition!" Conceive the the number of innocent Portuguese youths who must have been driven out of their wits by the perusal of this book! How many once happy homes may have been rendered miserable, since the time when the hope of the family was impelled by fate to attempt the study of the English language, under the tuition of M. da Fonseca! Listen to his ravings—he discourses of housekeeping. "I don't know what i won't with they servants. Anciently i had some servants who were divine my thought. All things were cleanly hold one may look on the furnitures now as you do see. I tell the same, it is not more some good servants. Any one take care to sweep neither to make fire at what i may be up."

He goes out hunting, and yells, "Look a hare who run! do let him to pursue for the hounds! it go one's self in the ploughed land. Here that it rouse. Let aim it! let make fire him! Me! i have failed it: my gun have miss fixe."—He by no means distinguishes himself at the fishpond.—"That pond it seems me many multiplied of fishes. Silence! there is a superb perch. Give me quick the rod."—"You mistake you, it is a frog etc."

He walks with another maniac in the garden.—"It delay me to eat some wal nutskernels: take care not leave to pass the season."—"Be tranquil, i shall throw you any nuts during the shell is green yet."—"The artichoks grow its?"—"I have a particular care of its, because i know you like the bottoms."

He gives his opinion concerning the literature of the day.—"What read you there?"—"A romance wrote very well, translated of the english, entitled the independent. Now one is overflowed of these sorts of stitchings. The actual liking of the public is depraved, they does not read who for to amuse one's self ant but to instruct one's. A little learneds are happies enough for to may to satisfy their fancies on the literature."

This is the advice he gives a friend who is suffering from toothache.—"I shall you neat also your mouth, and you could care entertain it clean, for to preserve the mamel of the teeth."

He applies himself to the study of French literature; for, as he says, "the french language becomes us all days too much necessary." And he favors us with a specimen of the "familiar letters of French writers." —"Racine to M. Vitart.—My uncle what will to treat her beshop in a great sumptuousness, he was go Avignon for to buy what one not should find there, and he had leave me the charge to provide all things *etc.*"—"Fletchier at Mme. of the Bouré.—More i was impatient, madam, at do you my compliment on your wedding; more pleasure i have to do you to-day. The heavens was seems, since several years, to go for or to prepare you a husband who might be worthy you. It was given you at him: the happyness it is like of one and another pars. Think which benedictions shall be followed the union of two hearts well matched!"

He enlivens his conversation at times with "English proverbs." He tells us that "He has a part in the Coke," and that sometimes "He go to four feet,"—he assures us that "The diffedence is the mother to security," and that "He turns as a weath turcocl" for "who is alike, to meet one's."

But his chief pleasure appears to be derived from anecdotes,—and we will allow him before he takes leave of us to narrate a few of them.—"Two friends who from long they not were seen meet one's selves for hazard.—'How do is thou?' told one of the two.—'No very well,' told the other 'and i am married from that i saw thee.'—'Good news!'—'Not quit, because i had married with a bad woman.'—'So much worse!'—'Not so much deal worse: because her dower was from two thousand lewis.'—'Well that comfort.'—'Not absolutely: why i had emploied this sum for to buy some muttons, which are all deads of the rot.'—'That is indeed very sorry.'—'Not so sorry, because the selling of hers hide have bring me above the price of the muttons.'—'So you are then indemnified?'—'Not quit, because my house where i was deposed my money, finish to be consumed of the flames.'—'Oh! here is a great misfortune!'—'Not so great nor i either, because my wife and my house are burned together.'"—The next story is [illegible] understand:—"A man one's was presented at a magistrate [illegible] had a considerable library. 'What you make?' beg him [illegible] magistrate.—'I do some books,' he was answered.—'But any of your books i did not see its.'—'I believe it so,' was answered the author: 'i make nothing for Paris. From a of my books is imprinted, i send the edition for America; i dont compose what for colonies.'"—"Siward, Duke of Northumberland, being very ill, though, he was unworthy of their courage to expect the death in a bed: he will die the arms on the hands. As he fell to approach her last hours, he was commanded to hers servants to arm of all parts, and they were put him upon an armchair, keeping the bare-sword. He was challenged the death as a blusterer."—and so on!—*Athenæum.*

BESIDE—BESIDES.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR:—In your recent review of "White's Shakespeare," you quote and indorse the following note:—

"——and *besides* myself":—The unwarrantable custom of the day having made two words of 'beside' and 'besides,' which are one and the same in all respects, except a slight terminal corruption in the latter, it is proper to point out that *Dromio* says he is 'beside himself,' *i. e.*, 'distracted;' the idea that he is another man than himself being conveyed by way of pun. There is no more difference between 'beside' and 'besides' than between 'a little way' and its corruption, 'a little ways;' and the text should be changed to 'beside,' were it not that so doing would seem to recognize a distinction which does not exist, and destroy one of the best and most accessible proofs that there is but one word, *i. e.*, 'beside;'—the *s* having been indifferently used or omitted in the orthography of the day when Shakespeare's plays were written, and of that when the Bible was translated. So, "he . . . . is horne-mad, and talketh like a man besides himself."—Holland's *Translation of Livy.* "Paul, thou art besides thyself." Acts xxxvi. 24, editions of 1535, 1599, and 1607."

This may be, as you say, "a nice bit of verbal analysis," but it is unsound philology. What *warrant* has Mr. White for saying "the custom of the day" (meaning, probably, the present day), is "unwarrantable," in having made two words of *beside* and *besides?* and for adding that "the two words are one and the same in all respects," etc.?

The argument that the words were used indifferently in Shakespeare's time goes for nothing, because it proves too much. Shakespeare used "haply" and "happily" indifferently, as, for instance, in Othello:—

"May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, *happily*, repent."

Yet, Mr. White would hardly say that therefore *happily* and *haply* are "one and the same."

But what is the *authority* in the matter? Webster says:—

"Besides, prep. Over and above: separate and distinct from. Example: And there was a famine in the land, *besides* the first famine.—Gen. xxvii. *Note*—This word, though radically the same as *beside*, and a corruption of it, ought not to be confounded with it," &c.

Then, certainly, as one ought not to be confounded with the other, the two words are *not* "one and the same."

I think it would be well if good writers would make a distinction which our lexicographers have failed to make, and which would remove the confusion that, to a greater or less extent, prevails in regard to these two words. As thus:—

Beside is a preposition, meaning, originally, *by the side of;* as,

"The lovely Thais sits *beside* thee;"

and usage has modified or extended this meaning to *on one side, or out of the regular course;* as,

It is *beside* my present business to, &c., and also to, *out of, in a state deviating from;* as,

Paul, thou art *beside* thyself.

Again, *besides* is a preposition, meaning *in addition to*, as in the case cited above from Genesis xxvii.

And, finally, *besides* is an adverb, meaning *moreover;* as

Set you down this, and say, *besides*, that in Aleppo once.

Would it not, then, be better for *usage* to adjust the matter to definite limits, and to let the rule be: *Beside* always a preposition, and *only* a preposition, with its several significations; *besides*, meaning *in addition to*, also a preposition; and *besides* an adverb when the equivalent of *moreover;* it being distinctly understood that *beside* shall not be allowed as an adverb?

People may get accustomed to anything; but, to many ears, *beside* as an adverb has a touch of affectation and attempted prettiness quite apart from the manliness of really good writing.

B.

— We have read much in the newspapers, of late, respecting the character and career of comets, but it remained for a learned correspondent of the *Tribune* to inform us respecting their literary habits, which he does in the following very felicitous and characteristic style:—

The star gazer is ever on the lookout for these erratic strangers, *poring over the open page*, whose letters are worlds, peering with his far-searching lenses, everywhere between the twinkling, constant little stars, too happy if some wayward little body come dancing into the field of his instrument, and make him its first discoverer.

(For the Saturday Press.)

MY NORTH AND SOUTH.

I am very, very fond
Of a blonde,
Mistress Maud; and so come here:
And yet, and yet, and yet
I like a gay brunette,
Therese, dear!

O, what can a body do
With you two?
Sunny hair and rosy mouth!
Black hair and eyes of jet!
You blonde, and you brunette!
You North and South!

Now, I love you, eyes and curls,
Little girls!
Give me each a dainty hand;
New England's hand shall lie
On my heart, and yours near by—
You understand!

T. B. ALDRICH.

The Saturday Press.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 30, 1858.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

We cannot for the life of us see any reason why this story should have been written in verse. It was bad enough to spin it out into a book, for if, as the really brilliant author has elsewhere assured us,—

"Life is real, life is earnest,"

it is far too much so to be spent in perusing a work, however brief, which besides not being poetry as it pretends to be, is neither instructive nor agreeable prose. If the little anecdote upon which the whole thing is founded were worth telling at all (which, speaking, unlike John Alden, for ourselves, we beg leave to doubt), it was worth telling in a simple straightforward manner, in the ordinary style of a juvenile narrative. Why Mr. Longfellow should have provoked the *Athenæum's* most obvious and odious pun upon his name, and in far more serious ways put his literary reputation in jeopardy by pursuing the opposite course, it is impossible to conjecture.

We don't know when we have read a work which affected us more unpleasantly. There is, indeed, no want of melody in the versification, but then throughout the poem (if poem it must be called) sense is so uniformly sacrificed to sound, that we feel at last as if a more suitable title for it would have been "Nothing! set to music." Moreover, to see so slender and superficial a story erected into a poem, is like seeing a beggar stalking on golden stilts, or a thin watery landscape set in a magnificent frame.

We have not the time now to go into a dissertation as to what subjects are adapted to poetic treatment, much less to discuss the long mooted question as to wherein true poetry consists. Nor is this necessary; for we have only to open the book under notice, at random, to find passages which would justify any criticism which the worst enemy of Mr. Longfellow (and we are among his warmest admirers) would be disposed to make.

Take, for instance, the following Priscillian extract, which we print, as it ought to have been printed in the original, in prose:—

"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me, why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me? If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!" Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter, making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain [illegible] other, then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal; and are offended and hurt, and indignant, perhaps, that a woman does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected, does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing. This is not right nor just; for surely a woman's affection is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking. When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it. Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me, even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me, old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Now, we submit that this is the merest prose and is not very brilliant at that. We could select extracts much choicer, and, for that matter much more musical, from the commonest novel of the day.

Then, again, what could be more unpoetical, more utterly common-place than the following, which is also in chief from Miss Priscilla, and which the sensitive reader will of course thank us for not printing as verse:—

"Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?" said she. "Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward, pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum? Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying what I ought not to have said; yet now I can never unsay it; for there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion, that if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret, spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together. Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish, praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues, praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders, as if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman, quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero. Therefore, I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse. You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us, which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!" Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish: "I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry, seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping." "No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive: "no; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely. It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless, till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence. Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women sunless, and silent, and deep, like subterranean rivers, running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful, chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs." Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women: "Heaven forbid it, Priscilla."

And so say we; and Mr. Longfellow ought to have known better than to allow Priscilla, or any body else to say such things.

To those who say it is hardly fair to judge of an author by detached passages, we have only to add that when the author is a poet, and the passages detached are self-evidently not poetry, we think that it is not only fair, but that when the sense is preserved, it is the very thing to do. And perhaps we cannot conclude our article better than by a quotation bearing on this very point, from Pope, who says in the introduction to one of the earlier editions of his works:

"I would not be like those authors who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and vice versa, a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this, if anything, that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned, but for what I have burned I deserve to be praised."

We think it a pity that Mr. Long[illegible] did not [illegible] "The Courtship of Miles Standish," [illegible]

BENTLEY ON MILTON.

Our modern authors who are anticipating that posterity will read and be interested in their writings, should take care that their works are correctly printed, for if the art of commentating, emending, and correcting goes on increasing as it has since its discovery, an author's writings will come at last to have as indefinite an existence as Homer, or as Miss Bacon has not yet succeeded in giving Shakespeare. Fielding in his "Voyage to the Next World" represents himself as present at a conversation between the great dramatist and some of his commentators, in which they appealed to him to settle their dispute concerning what he meant in a certain passage: "Upon my word, Gentlemen," said Shakespeare, "I do not remember what I did mean, but if I had thought that the passage would have made so much trouble, I would not have written it at all." This is the general feeling in reading a text encumbered with verbal criticisms, and the taste for such reading is dying out. If an author is worth reading, he is worth reading partly by faith. One of the most learned and ingenious pieces of conjectural criticism which was ever written, is Bentley's edition of Milton's Paradise Lost, a book which is generally set down in handbooks and encyclopedias as a failure. Considered only as a literary venture it was so, but Bentley holds too high a place in the literary world as a critic to be dismissed so summarily. His edition of Horace, with which the German scholars, from their national tendency to conjectural criticism, were so delighted, makes us desirous to know the grounds of his emendations, and to judge for ourselves of their merit.

Bentley, during his life, was abused by the Oxford men because he defeated them in the famous classical dispute as to the authenticity of the epistle of Phalaris, a dispute in which his wit, critical acuteness, and learning, were most eminently displayed, and for their defeat in which they never forgave him, though Warburton in his letters to Hurd, speaks of that "truly great and much injured man, Dr. Bentley," and says "the wits, Dr. Garth, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Pope, were all in the interests of a cabal against him, and not the Oxford men, who I think with you he beat at their own weapons." In his preface to the Paradise Lost, Bentley, giving his reasons for supposing that it was not printed as Milton would have had it, says:

"Our celebrated author, when he composed this poem, being obnoxious to the Goverment, poor, friendless, and what is worst of all, blind with a Gutta Serena, could only dictate his verses to be writ by another. Whence it necessarily follows that any errors in spelling, pointing, nay, even in whole words of a like or near sound in pronunciation, are not to be charged upon the Poet, but on the Amanuensis.

"But more calamities have happened to our Poem, for the friend or acquaintance, whoever he was, to whom Milton committed his copy, and the overseeing of the press, did so vilely execute that trust, that Paradise, under his ignorance and audaciousness, may be said to be twice lost.

"But typographical faults, occasioned by the negligence of this acquaintance (if all may be imputed to that, and not several wilfully made), were not the worst blemishes brought upon our Poem. For this supposed friend, knowing Milton's bad circumstances, who

Was fain on evil days and evil tongues,
With darkness and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude,

thought he had a fit opportunity to foist into the book several of his own verses, without the blind poet's discovery."

Dr. Bentley instances, B. I., line 575,

Could merit more than that small infantry,

and says: "To call the [illegible] small infantry has been [illegible]

B. V., line [illegible], he cuts out

"——A whole discourse they hold,
Nor fear lest dinner cool"

as unworthy of the scene or the author. And in Book X., he omits from line 577 to 585. We instance these examples among many others. His emendations are often very ingenious. B. I., line 63, he gives these reasons for changing "darkness visible" to "a transpicuous gloom." "Darkness visible and darkness palpable are, in due place, very good expressions; but the next line makes visible here a flat contradiction. Darkness visible will not serve to "discover sights of woe" through it, but to cover and hide them. Nothing is visible to the eye, but so far as it is opaque, and not seen through, not by transmitting the rays, but by reflecting them. To come up to our author's idea, we may say thus:

No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom.

Gloom is equivalent to darkness; yet so as to be in some measure transparent. So line 544:

All in a moment through the gloom were seen.

line 244:

This mournful gloom.

B. II., line 858:

Into this gloom of Tartarus profound.

B. VIII., line 14:

Through the wide, transpicuous air.

He changes B. I., line 282:

No wonder fall'n such a pernicious highth,

to

From such prodigious highth,

and justifies himself thus: "Fall'n a highth is not common sense, and a pernicious highth is not a whit better."

He changes "realty," B. VI., line 115, to "fealty." B. VI., line 513, he changes

They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,

to

They pound, they mingle, and with sooty chark,

and says: "Here's such a row of blunders following and producing one another, that it will be difficult to get through them. But to execute it, one postulation is to be premised: that Milton here is describing the making of gunpowder, and that he was not ignorant how it was made. The first thing that strikes one is, "sulphurous and nitrous foam concocted and adusted." These two ingredients adusted? Why, at the least approach of heat, they will fly away in exhalations. It must be very subtle art, even in devils themselves, to adust brimstone and saltpetre; and then he mentions only these two materials, which, without charcoal, can never make gunpowder; and this leads to the first emendation, that, instead of subtle art, the poet gave it sooty chark. The printer or editor, not knowing that chalk is in the original and workmen's language the same as charcoal, the last syllable being only explanative, took it for a mistake in the writer and substituted in its place the finest word he could think of. The next blunder is, "they found." [illegible]

B. VII., lines 1[illegible]

[illegible]

whole poem, because they [illegible] the [illegible] of sense. But, [illegible] Heaven to be changed [illegible] 1051, Satan, when he first got out of chaos,

Beheld, far off, the Empyreal Heaven,
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world.

and Chaos says, B. II, line 1006,

Now lately Heaven and earth, another world,
Hung o'er my Realm, linked in a golden chain,
To that side Heaven, from whence your legions fell.

He would not have us justify our calling our ladyloves angels from Milton's description of Eve, for he changes

——Her heavenly form
Angelic, but more soft and feminine,

to

——Her heavenly form
Adamic, but more soft and feminine,

giving the following grounds: "Eve's form, it seems, was angelic, not in metaphor, but in reality; [illegible] is the affair here. So we must suppose she had wings, as Raphael had. And yet we are told of the angel's "soft ethereal essence, without obstacle of joints and limbs, and

Spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both, so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure.

If Eve had been more soft, more feminine than these were, she would have been no match for her husband. She was Adamic, man-like, as B. VIII, line [illegible],

Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex."

But these instances must serve for the present, and whether we accept them or not, they show what an ingenious man can do in the way of conjectural criticism.

A GIFT ENTERPRISE.

Messrs. Williams & Stevens are exhibiting, at [illegible] Broadway, Church's picture of Niagara, and a picture of the "Corso." With the subscription to the lithograph of the former, they have made a grand gift enterprise. We quote from their "Prospectus." They say it is their "intention to present to the general body of their subscribers, paying cash, the original painting by Mr. Church—also the magnificent picture of 'Il Corso,' and, in addition thereto, to each subscriber a packet of five engravings from their ample and varied stock, ranging in value from $5 to $500, full particulars of which will be duly announced at the close of the subscription list. It is their intention to limit the list to ten thousand copies. An admission fee of 25 cents to view the pictures will be charged."

Passing over the faulty English of the Prospectus, with the single remark that they call the lithograph a facsimile, let us examine the details of the scheme. The entire proceeding we consider below the dignity of the house, and as the beginning of a system which, in common with all lovers of art, we would greatly regret to see established in this city. Let us see, in the first place, what we are paying for, and how much we pay for it.

They have put their price for this colored lithographic "facsimile" at $15 for prints, and $30 for artist's proofs. Can anybody tell us what is an artist proof of a colored lithograph, or, how it differs from a lithograph colored? The price of an impression from a plate by a master of engraving, does not seem high at $15, when we remember that to engrave it has taken years of labor and study, and that in the whole world there are never but a few masters of engraving. Müller's life-time was spent and his health sacrificed in working upon his plate of the Dresden Madonna [illegible]

[illegible] effect of aërial perspective, the difficult points in lithography as in all kinds of engraving. While in addition to their excellence of execution, most of Calame's pictures are charming poems. To color a lithograph or an engraving is, as a general rule, to destroy all its merits; it is to make a poor copy in color of what was intended to be a good copy in shade. To show, at a glance, how the gift enterprise can succeed, we have drawn up a scheme, with most liberal estimates for the debtor side,—

	Dr.	Cr.
By 8000 prints, at $15 each,		$120,000
" [illegible] Artist's proofs at $30,		30,000
(What would be the modus operandi if 10000 of the trusting public subscribed for Artist proofs?)		
By admission fees,		1
(We have put this at what we think it ought to be.)		
To cost of picture and expenses on same,	$[illegible]	
" cost of Lithographing,	5,000	
" 10,000 impressions at $1 each (a most generous estimate),	10,000	
" M. Calame (the artist never received so much for it),	[illegible]	
" Cost of packets of engravings at their valuation:		
[illegible] at $5,	[illegible]	
[illegible] " 10,	[illegible]	
[illegible] " 20,	[illegible]	
1 " 500,	[illegible]	
Balance to Credit of Profit and Loss,	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible]

Now, in fact, any one would be glad to furnish all the debtor side of the estimate for the $[illegible], making the profit $100,000. Under these circumstances, does it not seem a work of supererogation, to exhibit the picture under every possible disadvantage, in a little back room, with none of the conveniences of a gallery, with insufficient and improper light, and yet to ask 25 cents to see it?

— Young men in the country with turned-down collars, long hair, and a knack at verse, are frequently caught by advertisements from persons who designate themselves as literary agents. The objects of these advertisements are avowedly to assist authors, read their manuscripts, give opinions on the merits of the same, and if necessary submit them to publishers. In return for all these favors the literary agent kindly intimates that a preliminary fee will be expected. [illegible]

[illegible]

— [illegible] Cutler, Esq., says the *Evening Post* of [illegible] the law course of the New York University last evening. His subject was the law of real property, and this was his introduction. He traced the origin of this department of our law back to the middle ages, and showed how it was impregnated with the military, unlettered, and disorderly condition of mediæval society. Mr. Cutler has obtained a position at the bar which entitles him to be a teacher, and his address last night showed a disposition to spare no labor nor study necessary to give value to his lectures or symmetry to his professional reputation.

— Mr. Morphy is to have another opponent worthy of his powers. Herr Anderssen, the well-known victor in the tournament of 1851, is on his way to Paris, to contend against the young champion. Until his arrival Mr. Morphy is having his daily jousts at the Café de la Régence against all comers. In a letter to Mr. Staunton, renewing his challenge, Mr. Morphy says:—"I am not a professional player—I never wished to make any skill I possess the means of pecuniary advancement—and my earnest desire is never to play for any stake but honor. My friends in New Orleans, however, subscribed a certain sum, without any countenance from me, and that sum has been ready for you to meet, a considerable time past."

— Dr. Doremus has opened his chemical laboratories, and is ready to receive students in analytical chemistry.

— Mr. Gurley, Republican, elected to Congress in Cincinnati, was formerly a Universalist minister. One of his opponents was trying to persuade an old Methodist not to vote for him. "Do you think you are furthering the cause of religion," said he, "by voting for a Universalist—one who d[illegible]" "Yes," was the old Methodist[illegible] Mr. Gurley has been in Cong[illegible] believe there is a hell, then [illegible] present Administration. I [illegible]

— Among the subjects [illegible] this season, [illegible]

[illegible] by Rev. J. W. [illegible], Lafayette by Josiah Quincy, Jr., the Passions by David Paul Brown, the Spending of Money by Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), Oliver Goldsmith and his friends by Richard O'Gorman, Country Life by Ralph Waldo Emerson, King Bomba by G. B. Fontana, Toussaint L'Ouverture (we never could spell that name right), by Wendell Phillips, Pericles by Edward G. Parker, and last, though not least, Italy by Rev. J. T. Headly, and Blackwell's Island by Mr. Stephen H. Branch.

— We understand that, at the instance of a leading up-town Divine, several of the clergymen in New York and Brooklyn, are about to propose that their salaries be reduced to say the average annual earnings of their parishioners, the large amount of money which will thus be saved to be expended, the coming Winter, for the relief of the poor. We do not know when we have heard of a movement more in keeping with the doctrines of Him "who knew not where to lay His head."

— We learn that the dimensions of the new church about to be erected in Brooklyn, for Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, are to be such that it will easily accommodate five thousand people inside, and ten thousand outside.

— We have received a communication signed, "A Tax Payer in the Twenty-first Ward," recommending Mr. J. Augustus Page, for election to the Assembly. We beg to assure our correspondent that however interesting a matter Mr. Page's election may be to the tax payers and politicians of the Twenty-first Ward, to us it is a matter of the most perfect indifference.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, of Boston, Massachusetts, says that "although not inclined to solicit office [who, except Gerrit Smith, ever was?], yet, if it should be the wish of the people of his district that he should serve them in the National Councils at Washington," they may be assured that "there will be no trifling obstacles that shall prevent him from taking his place there at the proper time!" He trusts, moreover, "that through the liberal and [illegible]

[illegible]

— It is announced that Hon. Edward Everett is to repeat his Washington oration in New York, on the 9th of November, for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund. The object is a laudable one, perhaps, and it is not impossible that the money raised in this and other [illegible] ways, may be conscientiously devoted to it; but as for the oration, which is nothing but a tawdry repetition of all the common places which have been said for fifty years about Washington (none of them by the way, giving the least idea of him), it is considered by all impartial and competent judges,—Mr. [illegible] alone excepted,—to be an extremely lame and impotent performance, which nothing but the author's fame as an orator, could induce people to listen to.

That the character of Washington should fall into such hands, is in our opinion, a great national calamity—much greater, for instance, than that no adequate monument should be erected to his memory; for the one is negative and remediable, while the other is not only positive, but almost beyond the reach of cure. A portraiture by Everett is as bad as a portrait by Hicks.

— Mr. P. T. Barnum, not having succeeded in his operatic scheme, has been lecturing in Manchester, England, on the shortest and surest way of making a fortune. He instanced Shakespeare as a clever and thrifty showman, Chaucer and Scott, Bancroft and Irving, Marlboro and Wellington, Washington and Barnum, as instances of men who have made or might have made their own fortunes. His rules for fortune-making were the following:—Be honest, prompt, exact, adroit, persevering, advertise, mind your own business, don't talk much, and subscribe to a newspaper. His rules are not as good as old McDonough's, the New Orleans miser. The epitome of his experience was to truckle to the rich, grind the poor, and pray for success at the commencement of every undertaking. Ebenezer Francis' rule was to spend nothing and shave paper at the highest rates, while John Jacob Astor's was the Quaker's advice to his son,

"Keep all you have,
Get all you can,
Dishonestly if you must,
Honestly if you can."

— Knowing, as Parson Wilbur says, that "the desire to poetize is one of the diseases naturally incident to adolescence, which, if the fitting remedies be not at once and with a bold hand applied, may become chronic and render one, who might else have become in due time an ornament of the social circle, a painful [illegible] for the [illegible]

— [illegible] Henry Ward Beecher, in his speech at Dr. [illegible] Somerville, Mrs. Patton, Mary Howitt, Fredrika Bremer, Miss Landon, etc.

To do justice to Mr. Beecher, we find that in another part of his speech he said some very sensible things, as for example:—

"We educate our boys to get a living,—to hew it, to dig it, to steal it,—for many of our boys were consecrated to Politics. Women have not a fair chance in the industrial avocations of life. He would say to them, 'Don't talk, but become what you desire to be.' In this city the number of women, mostly single women, employed in industrial pursuits, was incredible to him. In the Mercantile Library, female clerks were admitted on the same terms as males; but elsewhere female clerks were very few. We have a mausoleum of a library in this city (the Astor Library), and if a man was wrapped up warm, he could gather great fruition of knowledge from it. He had once or twice himself gone through the stony hall, and reached, what he thought a more stony reception, and caught hold of his enthusiasm and backed down, and he should never go again. What chance would a woman have there? What chance would a poorly-clad woman have there? It was a gilded library for gilded men. To the strong everything was given, and from the weak everything was plucked away."

— James T. Brady, Esq., in an able speech delivered last Tuesday evening, before the meeting called in response to an appeal for aid, in founding a Free Library for Women, made among others the following very sensible remarks:—

"History informs us that in the palmy days of old Spain, women competed with the other sex in literature, eloquence, and recondite science. Italy could boast in the eighteenth century of four female professors. France boasts of Rosa Bonheur, who has not yet received the decoration awarded to her at the Paris Exhibition, in 1855, for her 'Horse Fair.' This is merely because she is a woman. We speak with pride of our Harriet Hosmer, and Maria Mitchell, the sculptor and [illegible] [illegible] New York Infirmary for Indigent Women and Children, the attending [illegible]

[illegible]

Dramatic Feuilleton.

[illegible]

In the month of February, 1851, a play entitled "A Romance in the Life of Sixtus the Fifth, or the Broken Vow," in five acts and seven tableaux, was produced at the Royal Olympic Theatre, London. This piece was an adaptation of a drame, by [illegible], named, if I recollect rightly, "[illegible]," and bore on the title-page the names of Dion Boucicault and John V. Bridgeman. It was understood in London, at the time, that Mr. Bridgeman, then a young man of letters, of rather bohemian tendencies, bore the chief part in the adaptation and construction of the piece in question.

Last Thursday night, at Niblo's theatre, in this city, a piece in six tableaux, bearing the title of "The Pope of Rome," was produced with unequivocal success. Mr. Dion Boucicault announced himself as the author.

The play produced at the Olympic Theatre in 1851, and that produced at Niblo's in 1858, are one and the same, with the slight variation of the omission of Mr. Bridgeman's name as joint author, and a judicious retouching, here and there, of the dialogue. The names of the dramatis personæ are nearly all retained intact. The plots are in every respect identical; the dialogue of both coincides, although in "The Pope of Rome" Mr. Dion Boucicault has, in many instances, considerably improved the play of Messrs. Dion Boucicault and John V. Bridgeman.

I think that Mr. Boucicault has been guilty of an act of literary injustice to a brother author, in thus omitting Mr. Bridgeman's name from the American edition of their joint work. If Mr. Bridgeman had a claim to authorship in the work when published in London (which seems probable enough, from the fact that his name appeared on the title page), he certainly does not forfeit his right to a similar credit, in consequence of his play having emigrated to New York.

"Cœlum non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

The plot of "The Pope of Rome" is not particularly complicated, but is nevertheless highly dramatic. I am happy to say that it has no dreary excrescence tacked on to it, under the name of prologue (prepylogue would be a better name for such things). The two inevitable babes, with strawberry marks on the arms, or mayhemed in one ear, have, I trust, got lost forever in the wood, never more to be recognized in the last act by respective parents. The nearest approach to the traditional foundling we have in "The Pope of Rome," is in the person of one Adrian Peretti, who has been brought up to the age of twenty, or thereabouts, in the neighborhood of Rome, and in ignorance of his parentage. As, however, this young man discovers the name of his father in the first, instead of the last act, the incident, from this unusual transposition, acquires an almost startling novelty. On this account, solely, I forgive Mr. Boucicault his foundling.

Adrian (Mr. George Jordan) is the son of one Giulio Peretti, an Italian chieftain, ranking with the families of the Colonna and Orsini. This Giulio has been slain by the combined troops of these houses while Adrian was yet an infant. A cross has been erected to his memory, in a cleft of the Appenines overlooking Rome, by a grateful peasantry whom he allowed no one to plunder but himself. Adrian, left an orphan, is taken charge of by his father's comrade, Hugo (Mr. Boucicault), one of those frank, humorous, indomitable, invulnerable free lances, that have been for so many years the life of dramatic history and historical drama. How easy, after all, is it to make a character interesting on the stage! Give him a picturesque dress, a few original oaths; let him cut jokes at the muzzle of a pistol, and be ready for any peril; overset [illegible] dozen (thirty would be better) [illegible] him do these things, and [illegible] secured. Sicinius Dentatus, [illegible] the house. But this is a digression. [illegible] left Adrian a boy, as the piece opens [illegible] Appenines returning to seek his [illegible] has been a great many [illegible] great a love for a row [illegible] every petty war that he encountered by the [illegible] him. Having thus literally cut his way home, he finds Adrian a stalwart fellow, living in a hut in the mountains, where, like Salvator Rosa, he paints for amusement, and shoots for a living.

On this spot he encounters an old monk, who, it seems, ever since the death of Giulio Peretti, Adrian's father, has come on the anniversary of the murder to pay a tribute of [illegible] to his tomb. This monk is called Anselmo, but is in [illegible] Cardinal [illegible] Rome. Montalto [illegible] to the Papal [illegible] relying on the [illegible] power, will gladly [illegible] power in [illegible] but is bound by [illegible] the monk Anselmo.

Of course, while Hugo has been [illegible] fighting and drinking, Adrian has fallen desperately in love. This was to be expected, as, also, that the maiden of his choice should be Bianca Colonna, the daughter of his father's enemy.

Hugo hears his tale of love, and when the Colonna, father and son—the latter Fabio Colonna (Mr. A. H. Davenport)—insult Adrian in consequence of that youth's having had clandestine interviews with Miss Colonna, vows that he will not alone disclose his name, but furthermore demand the hand of the heiress *en plein jour*, all of which he certainly does.

Cardinal Montalto continues debilitated through four acts and several tableaux, until when in the last act, by various stratagems he gets elected Pope, and instantly loses the crook in his back the moment he gets the crosier of the Pontiff. Bianca Colonna (Miss Agnes Robertson) is condemned to marry an Orsini, but contrives to run away with Adrian. Is overtaken and immured in a convent. Is half rescued by her lover, and entirely retaken, and eventually is drugged by the Abbess, and buried alive, which gives Adrian a capital dramatic opportunity of rescuing her from her living tomb.

Bianca is resuscitated, Montalto pontified, the wicked nuns punished, and Adrian wedded to Miss Colonna, all at the proper moment in the fifth act.

These results are brought about by a series of incidents too numerous for me to give in detail. In fact, "The Pope of Rome" is a play marvellously fertile in incident. It is all "pomp and circumstance." Event follows event with such rapidity that one begins to feel as if the lives of all the people in the drama had been subjected to some condensing process which squeezed out the blank days, and brought all the days of action close together. They live as rapidly as if they were residing in an atmosphere of the highest possible carbonization.

It is well that this drama has this eventful interest, for it possesses no literary merit whatever, if I may except a few quaint speeches which Mr. Boucicault himself utters. The rest of the dialogue is threadbare in the extreme. There is a great deal too much of "Swear it!" "How now?" and "Twenty years ago," in this drama, to entitle it to any consideration as the literary work of the author of "Love in a Maze." But the hurry of incident gives but little time for reflection on the elegance of the dialogue, for when we see a man escaping by a hair's breadth from an imminent danger, we are not critical as to what he says during the emergency. We only keep thinking, will he be caught? Mr. Boucicault in this play takes the audience's breath away by the rapidity of incident. A succession of stirring events and magnificent tableaux enlist the heart and charm the eyes. The tableaux, scenic effects, and harmonizing of costumes, I have seldom seen excelled. The scenery in particular was finely painted, and of unusual originality. The first scene in the Appenines, the convent scene, and the guard-room scene, all by Mr. Fredericks, were remarkably effective in color and design.

Mr. Boucicault's Hugo was in some parts an excellent performance, which would have been better had he known his part. Some bits of the dashing, courageous, incredulous, honest soldier, a child of the camp, he gave with a peculiar dry humor which was exceedingly effective. His fictitious tale in the guard-room, which conveys intelligence to Adrian of the secret passage, was delivered with an admirably subdued eagerness.

Mr. George Jordan, as Adrian, had a picturesque [illegible]

[illegible]

thought of my vanished youth, and its surreptitious oranges, sucked in the uncomfortable galleries in the *entr'actes* of "The Golden Farmer," while Mr. Maddocks roared and ranted all round the stage. A few hisses from the audience however, proved that they were not all as susceptible to the pleasures of memory as myself.

Mr. A. H. Davenport played the small part of Fabio Colonna with spirit and correctness.

On the whole, I think the piece will run. It is very poorly written, but is splendidly put on the stage. Scenery, dresses, and tableaux are all attractive. Mr. Jordan's soldier's dress in the third act was a miracle of gorgeous color.

"FOOLS RUSH IN."

Mr. Dickens has been for some time charming the people of England with readings of his inimitable Christmas stories. It is a hazardous experiment for any author to declaim publicly his own works, and where, as in the case of Mr. Dickens, the composition combines such pronounced and various types of character, demanding wonderful flexibility of dramatic talent in the rendering, the task is doubly dangerous. But Mr. Dickens triumphed over all those difficulties. His power as a dramatic artist has stood the test of and even challenged the severest criticism, and his quaintness, pathos, and vigorous style of delivery have been compared favorably with the greatest artists on the stage.

It seems then rather a presumptuous thing for any one to tread in his footsteps. Yet a Mr. De Cordova has actually been travelling in Mr. Dickens's tracks, and reading Mr. Dickens's Christmas stories to audiences assembled at Clinton Hall. If Mr. De Cordova was a person about whom the public were exceedingly anxious, I can conceive his gratifying "a large circle of friends" with such a performance. But as Mr. De Cordova is neither a professional reader, or an actor of repute, or an author of distinction, I can scarcely too much admire his courage in thus challenging comparison. I know that I should be very sorry to read in public Mr. Thackeray's lectures on the four Georges.

THE DRAMA ABROAD.

A new dramatic edition of the well worn subject of Faust, has been produced at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris. It is in five acts and sixteen tableaux—which means, in other words, that it is in sixteen acts. But so awful an announcement on the bills would alarm even a Parisian audience, and the "five acts" are thrown in as a counterpoise. The play is by Mr. Dennery, and obtains a brilliant success. Mr. Bourcicault produced, some years since, at the Princess's Theatre, London, a spectacular drama on the same subject.

A new actress has appeared at the Haymarket Theatre, London. Her name is Miss Weekes. She is described as singing and acting pleasantly.

A new American prima donna, a Mrs. James, has appeared in Italy. She is stated to be from Maine, and, of course, will return to New York radiant with the thousand and one triumphs which American prima donnas always achieve everywhere but at home. I notice already the preliminary puffs appearing in the second class newspapers which always herald the advent in this country of those melancholy vocalists, who have charmed the very walls of La Scala, but who, unfortunately, in New York cannot draw a paying audience. Those preliminary puffs are very amusing. They always end with, "we extract from an Italian paper the following tribute to the merit of this distinguished vocalist." Then comes the tribute. But the cunning dogs never give the name of the paper. That might lead to discovery.

A Winter's Tale has been revived at Sadler's Wells, Miss Egerton, a new actress of considerable promise, enacted Perdita. Charles Kean is about to produce Henry V., as well as King John. Charles Dillon recently played Hamlet at the Standard. After him came Celeste with Green Bushes. "The Boone Children," two "phenomenons," are at the same house, giving selections from The School for Scandal, &c. Edith Heraud has been playing with success on the York circuit. Mr. and *Mrs.* Charles Matthews are at the Haymarket. The Pyne Troupe are at Drury Lane.

An interesting novelty on the German stage is a comedy by the young poet, Dr. Julius Rodenberg. It is entitled *Ehen warden im Himmel geschlossen* (Matches are made in Heaven), and has been represented, with great applause, at Weimar, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and Munich.

Meyerbeer has just passed through Paris on his way to Nice. At the Grand Opera is projected the revival of some one of the works of Glück, probably Armide, or Iphigénie en Tauride. There is also a talk of the production of a magnificent new ballet, by the celebrated Italian chorographe, Rota, for Rosati and Ferraris, and the appearance of a new dancer, La Pitferi, who has lately made a prodigious sensation at Lisbon.

DRAMATIC ON-DITS.

Doctor Palmer's Comedy of "The Queen's Heart", will be produced at one of our city theatres this season.

A five act play, full of startling effects, and written by one of the prominent light comedians in this country, will appear this season at an up-town theatre. The subject and scenery are both highly picturesque.

Mr. Wilkins, the author of "Young New York," has been engaged during the past few months on a new and original dramatic work.

It is said that the new Comedy to be produced this evening at Wallack's Theatre, and which contains a scene in a gambling house, was submitted to a distinguished member of the Board of Green Cloth for his professional opinion of that particular portion with which he was supposed to be most familiar. He is said to have made the startling discovery that no less than five deuces were in a single deal dealt from one pack of cards, during the progress of the scene. It is the first instance I have met with in which ignorance was a credit to an author.

Mr. Burton opens his theatre on Monday evening. Miss Vandenhoff will be the chief attraction. This lady has been favorably known in London as an actress, and is the authoress of a drama which had a considerable success. It was pronounced by the London critics to be one of the best dramatic productions of the day. I forget its name.

"IT IS WITH EXTREME REGRET, &C."

The production of Doctor Wainright's long talked of comedy, "Wheat and Chaff," has been postponed until this evening, when it will be presented at Wallack's Theatre with the full strength of the company, and all the accessory embellishments for which this establishment is famous. As THE SATURDAY PRESS is published in the morning, it will be seen that I cannot, in the present number, give any criticism of a play produced the same evening. I suggested to the publisher the propriety of postponing the publication of the paper until next Wednesday or Thursday—in fact, to knock it into the middle of next week—so as to give me an opportunity of writing an elaborate criticism on the latest attempt of that well-known person, "a gentleman of this city," to embody New York society in a dramatic form.

To my astonishment, the publisher, influenced by some contemptible business reasons, which I am proud to say I did not understand, positively refused to delay the issue of the paper a single hour. I am forced, therefore, to content myself with a mere allusion to the piece, but promise, next week, a highly interesting notice.

PERSONAL.

My first article was signed "Dodo," as all persons who read the first number of THE SATURDAY PRESS are aware. It has been suggested to me since that the Dodo, being a bird which was remarkably deficient in feathers, its name was inappropriate for a *nom de plume*. I accordingly subscribe myself,

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

MISS VIRGINIA VAUGHAN.

Miss Vaughan, a young lady favorably known to the literary world, through several exquisite Sonnets published some months since in the *Home Journal*, made her *début* as an elocutionist, on Thursday evening last, before a large and appreciative audience in Dodworth's Hall. Her subject was "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which (considering that it is written that horrible hexameter verse which cannot be declaimed, in English, as poetry, without making rank nonsense of the text, and *must*, therefore, be declaimed as prose), was as bad a selection as she could possibly have made. Add to this, that the poem, besides being the very incarnation of monotony and common-place, cannot be read in less than two hours, and the reader will perceive that the difficulties in the way of success, however brilliant the speaker, were all but insurmountable. At any rate, the task was evidently too great for Miss Vaughan, though some of the more dramatic passages were read with considerable power, and produced a decided sensation. Had she chosen for her first effort some poem in which there was more depth of feeling—or, in fact, any depth of feeling—we think it not impossible that, for a beginner, she would have made a great hit. As it was, the audience went away with a vague feeling of dissatisfaction. They felt that they had been listening to an accomplished woman; they saw by occasional flashes of her eye, and by a certain wild earnestness in her voice and manner, that she possessed something of that mysterious, indefinable power which the world calls genius; and yet, perhaps because their anticipations were too high, they were greatly disappointed.

We trust that the next time Miss Vaughan reads in public, she will choose a more fitting subject; or, rather, that she will choose such a variety of subjects that the power which she evidently possesses, will be certain to make itself manifest. Her voice is of fine quality and compass; her countenance is very expressive; she is a lady of evident culture and taste; and there is no reason, therefore, why, if she continues her studies, she should not become one of the most popular readers in the country.

LITERARY ITEMS.

— Recent volumes of poetry, whether original or translated, are having a large sale on the other side. Messrs. Bell & Daldy are bringing out already a second edition of the "Legends and Lyrics" of Miss Proctor, many of which were originally contributed to *Household Words*. It is scarcely a year since Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, published her "Aurora Leigh," and a fourth edition of it is announced as in the press. A sixth edition called for of "Festus," may reconcile Mr. Philip James Bailey to the general condemnation pronounced by the critics on his recent pointless satire, "The Age." "Clytemnestra and other Poems," which appeared a few years ago from the pen of Mr. Robert Bulwer Lytton (son of the Colonial Secretary, and who modestly veiled himself under the pseudonyme of Owen Meredith) are just on the point of entering a second edition, and his promised new volume, by the way, is to be entitled "The Wanderer and other Poems." Mr. Browning's, Mr. Bailey's, and Mr. Bulwer Lytton's publishers are Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Then, in translation, there is still to be another rhymed version of Dante's "Inferno," (Wright & Co.), with "a preliminary discourse and notes," by "Bruce Whyte, Esq., Advocate," the author of an ingenious treatise on "The Romance Tongues and their Literature." Homer himself finds another adventurous translator, undeterred by so many failures, recent and remote. The Messrs. Longman announce "The Iliad of Homer, translated into English verse, with Preface and copious Notes," by a Mr. W. G. T. Barter, who informs us that he "has aimed at giving a more literal version than has hitherto been attempted."

— We learn that Mrs. R. H. Stoddard, the wife of the poet, has a volume of poems in preparation for the press. We give welcome to the rumor, for Mrs. Stoddard is one of the few women of America who have written from that intellectual impulse which alone produces fine poems. Several of this lady's contributions to the *Atlantic* corroborate our statement; but as one word of proof is worth a thousand bare assertions, we copy the following Autumnalia from the last number of that magazine:—

NOVEMBER.

Much have I spoken of the faded leaf;
Long have I listened to the wailing wind;
And watched it ploughing through the heavy clouds;
For Autumn charms my melancholy mind.

When Autumn comes, the poets sing a dirge:
The year must perish; all the flowers are dead;
The sheaves are gathered; and the mottled quail
Runs in the stubble, but the lark has fled!

Still, Autumn ushers in the Christmas cheer,
The holly-berries and the ivy-tree:
They weave a chaplet for the Old Year's heir;
These waiting mourners do not sing for me!

I find sweet peace in depths of Autumn woods,
Where grow the ragged ferns and roughened moss;
The naked, silent trees have taught me this,—
The loss of beauty is not always loss!

— A new English dictionary is to be brought out under the auspices of the Philological Society.

— The *Monitore Toscano* mentions the discovery at Florence of a copy of Dante Alghieri's "Divine Commedia," written in Petrach's own hand. It also adds that the late Giacomo Leopardi's manuscripts, which were believed to be lost, have just been bought by the Grand Ducal Library.

— Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have in press the following works: "Life and Letters of Douglas Jerrold," edited by his son; a new translation of Dante's "Inferno," by Dr. T. W. Parsons, a book of poems by Frances Ann Kemble; Captain Mayne Reid's "Sequel to the Plant Hunters;" "Around the Sofa," by Mrs. Gaskell; a new volume of De Quincey's writings, and the poetical works of James G. Percival, in blue and gold.

— Mr. Aldrich's new volume, "The Ballad of Babie Bell, and other Poems," will be issued by Messrs. Rudd and Carleton on the 1st of December.

— The New Testament is about to be published in the Court dialect of China, in one octavo volume of about one hundred and fifty leaves, at a cost of from twelve to fifteen cents a copy.

— We have received from Messrs. Carlton & Porter the first volume of a very interesting theological work entitled "The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century, called Methodism, considered in its different denominational forms, and its relations to British and American Protestantism: by Abel Stevens, LL.D." The present volume embraces an account of that period between the origin of Methodism and the death of Whitefield. The author intends, in subsequent volumes, to bring his impartial and valuable history down to the centenary celebration of Methodism, in 1839—a period prior to the sectional disputes which have divided the Methodist Episcopal Church, and "which," as the writer sensibly remarks, "are yet too recent for a satisfactory judgment from history."

— Mr. Longfellow's new song, entitled "Daybreak," has been set to music in England by Mr. W. Balfe.

— A collection of letters addressed to Benjamin Franklin, by his friends and members of his family, is to be published in October, by Mr. C. B. Richardson, 348 Broadway. These valuable manuscripts are in the possession of Dr. Franklin Bache, and are being transcribed and carefully annoted, by Mr. William Duane, of Philadelphia, a great grandson, we believe, of the old philosopher. The letters will probably throw new light on the private life of Benjamin Franklin, and contain interesting details concerning the prominent events of his time. A limited edition will be published, at two dollars a copy.

— Messrs. E. O. Libby & Co., Boston, announce a volume of poems entitled, "The Queen's Domain," by William Winter, a young Cambridge lawyer. This, we believe, is Mr. Winter's second collection of verse. His first volume was published some three years since, and did not, if we recollect, impress the public with a very high opinion of his poetical abilities. Several of Mr. Winter's recent poems are exceedingly chaste and elegant. "At the Coffin," for instance, is an admirable specimen of finish and comprehension. The reader will thank us for quoting it:—

"Here she lieth, white and chill:
Put your hand upon her brow,
For her heart is very still,
And she does not know you now.

"Ah, the grave's a quiet bed!
She shall sleep a pleasant sleep,
And the tears that you may shed,
Will not wake her—therefore weep!

"Weep—for you have wrought her woe!
Mourn—she mourned and died for you!
Ah! too late we come to know
What is false and what is true."

— On the first of November, Mr. Charles Scribner will issue "Bitter-Sweet," a poem, by the author of "Timothy Titcomb's Letters." Dr. J. G. Holland has created a large parish of readers, the admiring public having exhausted no less than nine editions of "Titcomb's" pleasant moralities. We trust that Dr. Holland will do himself justice in "Bitter-Sweet." The reading community is sick of what has been mis-named "popular poetry." Nothing at all would be preferable to another "Nothing to Wear," or a repetition of "Nothing to Say."

— "Her Grace, the Drummer's Daughter," a story which has attracted unusual attention in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is from the pen of Miss Caroline Chesebro', a lady whose peculiar talents have not been sufficiently appreciated.

— The *Courrier de Paris* has been purchased by M. de Choisy, probably for account of Marshal Narvaez. The management of it will hereafter be in the hands of the editor of the Madrid *Independance Espagnole.*

— J. W. Bouton & Co. invite attention to their large and valuable collection of Sterling English Literature, old and new, which has been much enlarged by recent additions from purchases made in Europe during the past Summer, and which they offer at very reasonable prices.

— Another duel among literary men has recently taken place in France, the parties, in this instance, being M. Jules Noriac, of the *Figaro Programme*, and Raymond Signouret, of the *Gaulois*. The meeting took place at Chatelet. After four sharp engagements (with the small-sword), neither gentleman having been wounded, the affair was stopped by the seconds.

— Murray, of London, has just issued a volume of Historical and Biographical Essays, by John Forster.

— James E. Munson, 75 Cedar street, has a large collection of old and rare books, among which are several philosophical works of great value.

— Mr. G. P. R. James, the distinguished novelist, is now in London, on his way to Venice, to which place he has recently been appointed Consul.

— Sir John Ramsden has offered to give £3000 towards a public park for Huddersfield, provided the inhabitants will raise the rest of the money required, and purchase a certain plot of ground, thirty-two acres in extent, known as the Spring Greenwood estate, for the park, without levying any local rate.

— "My Lady Ludlow" is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Gaskell, the lady who deservedly gained more notoriety than fame by her memoirs of Miss Brontë. Mrs. Gaskell will do better to confine herself to novel writing, for in portraying the lives of imaginary heroes she can be as gossipy as she chooses without trespassing upon any one's privacy or offending against any of the laws of propriety, and, above all, because the result of her labors are then received by the world as confessed works of fiction.

— The Minister of Public Instruction in Prussia has decided that Terence and Plautus shall no longer be used as a class book in the public schools.

— Postage stamps, the lowest being about two and a half cents, have been introduced into Spain; the colors used are pink, green, and brown; the vignette represents the head of Queen Isabella.

— A poem appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* some time since, entitled "The Magical Lay of the One Horse Shay," and written by John Hughes, better known as "Butler of Brazen Nose." It is unnecessary to add that Mr. Butler's production bears no resemblance to Oliver Wendell Holmes's one-horse-*chef d'œuvre* in a late number of the *Atlantic.*

— Israel Benjamin, a Moldavian Jew, is preparing for an extensive tour through Affghanistan and China. He has already passed over the Eastern countries of Europe, as well as Egypt, Palestine, Persia, the regencies of Tripoli and Tunis, Algeria and Morocco. The Geographical Society of Berlin have charged him to solve several geographical and ethnographical questions. A book of travels by Benjamin has just been brought out at Hanover. It is entitled "Eight Year's Travels in Asia and Africa."

— Grozelier is engaged on a lithographic portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

— John Capgrave, a famous monk and chronicler who wrote in the 15th century, begins his "Chronicles of England," as some of our orators do their ephemeral Orations, with the Creation of the World,—thus:—

"*Anno Mundi* 1.—The first man Adam was mad on a Friday, without modir, withoute fader, in the field of damask; and fro that place led into paradise to dwell there; after dryvyn oute for synne. Whanne he had lyved nine hundred yere and xxx., he deied, byried in Hebron, his hed was lift with the Flood and layd in Golgotha.

"*Anno* 2—11.

"*Anno* 12.—This yere Eve bare too children at one birth, the man hite Cayn, the woman, Calmana, of which to come Enok, not he that was translate; and Yyrad and Mammael, and Methusael and Lamech that broute in first bigamie, and he killed Cayn.

"*Anno* 13—29.

"*Anno* 30.—This yere Eve broute forth Abel and Delbora at one birth, and it is seid commonly that at every birth she bare a man and a woman to multiplicacioun of the world. Abel was the secunde son of Adam, a keeper of scheep, a mayde and a martire, killed of his brother of pure envy, because our Lord schewid tokens of love to him for his trewe tithing."

The same writer, speaking in his "Book of the Illustrious Henrys," compliments the piety of those worthy monarchs as follows:—

"Why should I add more? So burning in those times gone by, was the devotion of the Kings of England, that it was a wonderful thing then to see a King who was not a saint. Wherefore also that venerable and religious father who compiled the '*Fasciculus Temporum*,' asserts in his chronicle that he found more sainted Kings in England than in any other province of the world, however populous."

— The following note, interesting to all the lovers of Goldsmith, has been sent by one of its correspondents to the London *Illustrated News*:—

SIR:—The most trifling incident connected with Oliver Goldsmith is invested with interest. Perhaps even the following may be worth a place in your "Table Talk." My grandfather was at Dr. Milner's school at Peckham when Goldsmith was usher there. He was a great favorite with Goldsmith; and he used to relate that the reason why Goldsmith left the school was that *Dr. Milner would not allow him a fire in his room.*

Oct. 5, 1858. PHILO GOLDSMITH.

MAGAZINES AND THEIR CONTENTS.

London Quarterly Review, No. CCII.—Fresco Painting; Horace and his Translators; Cardinal Wiseman's Four Popes; James Watt; The Roman at his Farm; Sir Charles Napier's Career in India; Past and Present Administrations.

Edinburgh Review, No. CCXX.—The Grenville, Portland, and Percival Administrations; Criminal Procedure in Scotland and Ireland; Birch's History of Ancient Pottery; M. Guizot's Historical Memoirs; Binocular Vision; The Earls of Kildare; Mr. Gladstone's Homeric Studies; Guy Livingstone; The Slave Trade in 1858; Mr. Froude's Reply to the Edinburgh Reviw. London: Longman & Co. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

Westminster Review, No. XXVIII.—France under Louis Napoleon; Indian Heroes; F. W. Newman, and his Evangelical Critics; Travel During the Last Half-Century; The Calais Tragedy; Realism in Art; Recent German Fiction; Outbreak of the English Revolution. 1642; Contemporary Literature:—§ 1. Theology and Philosophy—§ 2. Politics, Sociology, Voyages, and Travels—§ 3. Science—§ 4. History and Biography—§ 5. Belles Lettres.

Blackwood for October.—What will he do with it; Animal Heat; A Plea for Shams; The Light on the Hearth. Part II; The Atlantic Wedding Ring; The Ballad Poetry of Scotland and Ireland; Lord Clyde's Campaign in India.

FROM DAY TO DAY.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The agreeable rehearsals of this Society have begun again. It has been a source of congratulation to many attending them, that they as yet have not been much annoyed with the incessant whispering of the ill-bred young people who attended in such numbers, last Winter, for the purpose of carrying on their flirtations. We would suggest to the managers, that should the same annoyance exist this Winter, they should take some decided steps to put an end to it. Broadway is a place much better calculated, and more appropriate, for those young women to frequent, whose sole aim in life is to be seen of men.

THE CENTRAL PARK.—The work on the Central Park is progressing finely. A very large body of men are kept constantly at work, and though the ground appears from its preparation rather raw, still there is enough to attract a great many people. They are now engaged in setting out trees. They select from all around the country only such as are of good size and shape, and have grown by themselves, so that they can stand their insulation in their new situations. We expect that as early as next Summer, the Park will be a very interesting place of resort. A cave has fortunately been discovered in the ledge of rocks by the Reservoir, and most judiciously improved. A party of laborers are engaged in enlarging it. We would suggest as a motto, to serve as a warning to those who may use it for their picnics, not Dante's "who enter here leave hope behind," but "caveto felices." We may as well say here, that our own generous rule in respect to such matters is, never to look a cave in the mouth.

CHEAP LOCOMOTION.—Year after year we complain about the crowded state of Broadway, and yet nothing is ever done officially about it. Who can be foolish enough to expect that anything ever would be? The action will have to come from the City Council; and when did the City Council ever do anything for the convenience of the city? Meanwhile, the steam machine is every now and then to be seen, puffing along, and exciting its usual attention. We saw the other day a genuine Hansom cab, going quietly by. Between the [illegible] ought soon to have means of locomotion [illegible] reasonable rate, will become very [illegible] have put their fares down to five [illegible] is in accordance [illegible] money than the old Spanish sixpence. We may look forward to the time when the hurrying man of business can take the steam omnibus down to his office for—say three cents, and the man of leisure can take an airing up Broadway, in a hansom cab, at twenty-five cents, or through the Central Park for fifty. The fact is, that we are the most expensive people in the world. Economy is [illegible], in a measure, disreputable; a foolish extravagance is thought to be a sign of refinement, instead of being, as it is, a proof of vulgarity. Let any one look at the dresses draggled in the dirt and mud of the sidewalks on Broadway. In Paris, a man can have his boots blacked in a handsomely furnished room, with the chance of reading the morning papers, for three sous; here, the same operation, *al fresco*, by a small boy, costs twice the money. In London, a man can take a cab for one shilling (25 cents); here, let any one beware how he trusts himself to the tender mercies of a hack driver. But with time, we hope, will come experience, and a better way of managing these things.

AN ARCHITECTURAL OUTRAGE.—Some one has had influence enough to induce the owners of the good old-fashioned church, at the corner of Second avenue and Tenth street, to put a cast iron sort of a portico, of a cast iron order of architecture, upon the front of their church. This is too bad. The Hanseatic church on the opposite side, and the unhappy rendition on the front of the Historical Society building, were enough specimens of bad taste for that locality. The old Stuyvesant church, with its green around it, was a positive oasis. What had it done, that it should be tricked out with cheap, new-fangled, cast iron frippery? Have the congregation altered their religious creed? We believe not. What did they want with a sham portico? Are they going to add some new-fashioned opinion to the thirty-nine articles, and try to make us believe that they were originally forty? Are they going to add to the fine old English of their liturgy, any of the hollow, meaningless jargon of reform? Why then have they treated the church with such disrespect?

SUNDAY RESORTS.—The various gardens around the city, are still full on Sundays. The weather is not yet cold enough to render lager beer and cigars in the open air uncomfortable. The church-goers may complain, but the churches are not open all day, and to those whose means do not afford a comfortable home, in an eligible situation, it is an immense relief to leave their week-day work and poverty, to enjoy the cheap luxury of plenty of fresh air. It is proposed, by the Society for the better observance of Sunday, to try and stop the running of the Sunday cars. Do any of those advocating it ever ride in their carriages to church? It is not by telling people that they sha'n't be amused, that they will go to church. Improve the character of the places of resort. Why not open the libraries, at least, on Sunday afternoon? In the respectable city of Boston, the reading room of that most respectable institution, the Athenæum, is open at that time.

COMMON SENSE IN TRADE.—The success of the system of one price has been so great, from its obvious common sense, that no one now can deny that it is the correct one, but there is one more step which should be made in the same direction, and that is to mark the prices plainly in figures, and not in hieroglyphics, so that he who runs can read, or he who reads can run. It gives such an air of fairness to the business, and saves so much of the clerk's and customer's time. How much pleasanter, if asking yourself can I afford this, to see the price marked in figures, than the letters N. O. What a shock, if you know the price of an article, to find it marked as an equation of the third degree, in the three unknown quantities, X. Y. Z. Some of the best stores have already made the innovation in this respect, and also in not having a clerk follow you all about as though you were going to steal.

THE CHURCH OF THE DIVINE UNITY.—We wish to say a word of the design of this church, and in the first place, to commend the use of color in the material; any thing for a relief from the dreary monotony of brown stone. The arrangements of the materials is, perhaps, not the most tasteful or artistic, but the porch and the windows are at once truthful and beautiful; the marble is marble, and the stone is stone, not painted shams. And here we would call attention to the fact, that it is the only church in the city which has dared to put a chimney upon it. The architects generally seem to think a chimney vulgar, and so use all kind of makeshifts to avoid the necessity of showing it.

THE remains of Mr. Nye's collection of paintings, were offered for sale this last week at the rooms of the Academy of Design. The picture of Lot and his Daughters, by Jordaens, one of the finest pictures ever brought to this country, was again withdrawn at $1,000. All lovers of art will be greatly interested to learn the fate of this picture. We trust that some public spirited man will retain it in this city. There is not much hazard in predicting that it will sell within twenty years at ten times the price asked for it now. The rest of the pictures sold at very low rates. Messrs. Leeds & Co.'s sale of American pictures was very well attended, but, curiously enough, many of those offered did not bring as much as those by the same artists, in the collection sold this time last year, during the height of the panic.

CHESS DEPARTMENT.

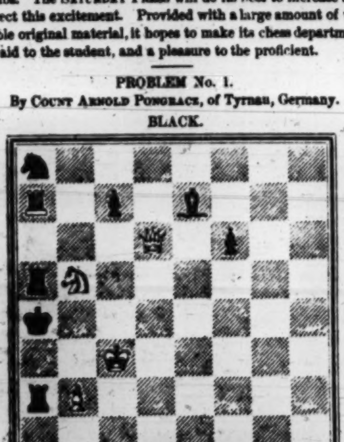
PRELIMINARY.

Chess, the most venerable and most philosophical of sedentary amusements, has of late become the most popular. Many Americans, who last year hardly knew the difference between a Book and a Pawn, now talk glibly of Gambits and Counter Gambits, and are fast becoming familiar with all the mysteries of open games and of close games, of débuts on the King's side, and of débuts on the Queen's side. The National Chess Congress, which held its sessions in this city in 1857, was the first cause of this sudden scaccomania. But an abundance of oil has been poured upon the fire of late, in the shape of Paul Morphy's career in Europe. We have all of us read the glowing accounts of his glorious chess deeds, and, with pardonable ambition, we all desire, in a humble way, to imitate them. So we buy Staunton's Handbooks, and subscribe to the Chess Clubs. The SATURDAY PRESS will do its best to increase and direct this excitement. Provided with a large amount of valuable original material, it hopes to make its chess department an aid to the student, and a pleasure to the proficient.

PROBLEM No. 1.

By COUNT ARNOLD PONGRACZ, of Tyrnau, Germany.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

AN INTERESTING CONTEST BETWEEN MR. PAUL MORPHY AND MR. J. W. SCHULTEN.

SCHULTEN.	MORPHY.
1. e2—e4	e7—e5
2. f2—f4	e5—f4:
3. f1—c4	g8—f6

We do not remember ever to have seen this defence in any of the books. As far as we have been able to analyze the effects of thus bringing out the King's Knight, we should judge that it leads to a perfectly even game. The novelty is certainly an interesting innovation.

4. b1—c3	f8—b4
5. e4—e5	d7—d5
6. e5—f6:	d5—c4:
7. f6—g7:	h8—g8
8. d1—e2†	c8—e6
9. a2—a3	b4—c5
10. g1—f3	b8—c6
11. c3—e4	c6—d4
12. f3—d4:	c5—b4:
13. c2—c3	d8—h4†
14. e1—f1	d4—b6

We think we should have preferred here for first player 14. e1—d1, since his adversary will not win Queen by e6—g4 on account of 15. e4—f6†.

15. d2—d4	c4—d3:
16. e2—d3:	a8—d8
17. d3—e2	d8—d1†

This move is worthy of the great American master. Mr. Schulten of course resigns, for if the Rook be taken, he loses his Queen by the check of the Bishop at c4.

THE AMERICAN CHESS KING IN EUROPE.—Paul Morphy, who seems to unite in his person all the chess virtues, genius, study, courtesy, and self-possession, has just won a match of Harrwitz, the renowned Prussian, generally acknowledged to be the best player resident in France. It is rumored that the American is to be invited to give an exhibition of his marvellous mental powers at the Tuilleries. On that occasion we shall probably have a parody on a conversation said to have taken place between an Eastern King and a famous chess player. "We are brothers," said Tamerlane to Alaeddin; "You are monarch of the realm of chess, and I am Sovereign of Persia." But the chess public, both in the old world and the new, are looking forward with eager interest to the great encounter between Morphy and Staunton. The latter gentleman has long been recognized as the head of English chess. He is the editor of the elegant and scholarly edition of Shakespeare, now publishing by Routledge, and has heretofore made his literary avocations an excuse for not meeting Mr. Morphy over the board. At length he has been "brought to the scratch," (as our victorious friend Morrissey would say), and [illegible] to play a match in the early part of November. We shall do our best to chronicle the incidents of this important chess battle, and shall publish the best games as soon as copies of them can be forwarded from London. The stakes are two thousand five hundred dollars.

NEW LIFE-PRESERVER.

Nearly all the Life-Preservers hitherto invented for protection against drowning, have been complete failures. Most of them have been so complicated as to be of no practical use in an emergency (the only time when they are wanted); while, so far as we know, none of them have been so made that they could be worn on the person, either with comfort or with safety. Their cumbrousness on the one hand, or their fragility on the other, together with their liability in all cases to slip or be washed off, have rendered them, for the most part, not only useless but positively dangerous. We are not sure that there are a dozen instances on record, of any one of them having been the means of saving life, in any extreme case, like that of the burning, foundering, or wrecking of a ship. In fact, they have so uniformly failed, that the difficulties in the way of an effective Life-Preserver, have at last come to be considered insurmountable. But we are happy to be able to announce, from our own personal observation, that this is not so, for Mr. THOMAS A. DELANO, of this city, has invented an apparatus at once so simple and so secure, that we have only to state what it is, to convince the public that he has overcome all the difficulties which have been hitherto experienced, and produced a perfect article.

It is simply a common vest, so made, that without being removed from the person, the breast and upper-back of it can in ten seconds be so inflated with air by the wearer, as to be able to sustain and buoy up a weight of more than two hundred and fifty pounds in the roughest sea. When not inflated, it has the appearance of an ordinary vest, and can be worn as such with perfect comfort. Indeed, the intention is that the traveller should put it on when he starts on his voyage, in order that it may always be ready for use at a moment's warning. It has been thoroughly tried by some practical experiments here (last Monday, for instance, at the Battery, in the presence of a large number of ship-captains), and elsewhere, and in every instance with complete success. So long as the "float," or air-chamber, is inflated, it is literally impossible for the wearer to sink, and the whole apparatus is so strongly and ingeniously made that it is impossible for the air to escape from it. The vest has been submitted to the inspection of the ship-owners in New Bedford, New London, and elsewhere, engaged in the whale-fishery, and the result has been that, with a regard for human life too rare among ship-owners, they have now adopted it as an indispensible article in a whaler's outfit. Had the passengers in the *Central America* or the *Austria* been provided with it, it is probable that not one of them would have been lost. It only remains to say that the price of the vest, with Mr. Delano's improvement (which has also been adapted, by the way, to ladies' dresses), is but little more than that of an ordinary vest, and therefore that it is fast becoming an article in great demand among all sensible and prudent travellers. If the reader now has any doubts on the subject, we refer him to the official certificates, all of which we know to be genuine, in another column.

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DELANO'S IMPROVED LIFE-PRESERVING VEST.—This new and invaluable article is in the form of an ordinary Vest, and when uninflated may be worn as such.

It is so constructed that the "float" can be instantly filled with air without being removed from the person; and when thus filled is capable of sustaining the wearer for any length of time in the water. It has been publicly tested on many occasions, and found to be in all respects a perfect protection. In fact, to sink with it on is impossible.

In New Bedford, New London, and other seaports, it is now adopted as an indispensable necessity on all ships, and especially for whalemen—most of the whaling ships being now supplied with it. It has also been introduced into the Navy and Army. The following unsolicited certificate settles the fact as to its character beyond all controversy:

CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, } ss.

We, the undersigned, of the City and County aforesaid, being duly sworn, say that we are acquainted with the various forms of Life-Preservers in use; that we have examined the improved Life-Preserver invented by T. A. Delano, which is capable of being immediately inflated for use, without being removed from the person; that the Life-Preserver of said Delano is provided with elastic fastenings in front, so that when inflated the garment will readily adjust itself to the person of the wearer; that the employment of the elastic fastening is new, so far as the deponents know and believe, and is an ingenious and highly useful improvement; that the great objection to the use of other Life-Preserving garments exists, from the fact that, when inflated, they exert a great pressure upon the body of the wearer, which pressure, as deponents are informed and believe, soon overpower the strength of the wearer in time of excitement and danger, and oftentimes prove fatal to life; that the Life-Preserver of Delano, in consequence of the employment of the elastic fastening, relieves the wearer from such pressure, and tends to save life when the ordinary Life-Preserving garments would fail. Deponents further say, that they have never known or heard of a Life-Preserver having elastic fastenings like the said Delano's, and that the same constitute, in their opinion, an ingenious, useful, and highly important invention.

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Agent U. S. M. S. S. Co., Aspinwall.
WM. A. CARRINGTON,
Surgeon U. S. M. S. S. Co.
ALFRED G. GRAY,
Com'd'g Steamship *Star of the West.*

{ L. S. } Sworn to before me, this 21st day of August, 1858. Witness my hand and Notarial Seal of office.
WM. C. FORD, Notary Public,
In and for the State of New York.

CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, } ss.

William H. Hudson, of the City and County aforesaid, being duly sworn, says that he has examined the improved Life-Preserving Vest invented by T. A. Delano; that as a Life-Preserver he considers it a perfect protection against drowning; that the elastic fastenings are new, so far as this deponent knows; that it is a highly useful and ingenious invention.

W. H. HUDSON, Captain,
Late of Steamer *St. Louis.*

{ L. S. } Sworn to before me, this 21st day of August, 1858. Witness my hand and Notarial Seal of office.
WM. C. FORD, Notary Public,
In and for the State of New York.

U. S. STEAM FRIGATE WABASH,
Off Staten Island, N. Y., May 31, 1858.

L. L. MOORE, Esq.—DEAR SIR: Our frigate sails on a cruise to-morrow. I cannot go to sea without expressing to you my great admiration of the Life-Preserving Vest you were pleased to send me, the other day. It is so convenient of inflation, so buoyant, and in all respects so well adapted to the purposes for which it is intended, that I should suppose every traveller upon rivers, and upon the sea, would procure one for constant wear—especially those travellers over the waters who cannot swim. It seems, withal, to be an excellent Winter garment.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. GEO. HARRIS, Purser.

L. L. MOORE, Esq., New York.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 6, 1858.

MESSRS. L. L. MOORE & CO.—GENTLEMEN: I have examined the improved Life-Preserving Vest invented by T. A. Delano, and have seen it put to many severe tests, all of which it has so admirably stood that I consider it a perfect protection against drowning. The elastic straps permit of a large amount of inflation without incommoding or fatiguing the body; and, are as far as I am aware, are an entirely new device and a very useful invention. Yours very respectfully,

GEO. W. CULLUM, Capt. U. S. Engineers.

Had the passengers of the *Central America* and the *Austria* been supplied with this Vest, not one life would have been lost; since, as we have said, it is impossible for any person to drown with the Vest properly inflated.

We have also tested it with the addition of twenty-five pounds weight upon the body, and found it capable of sustaining the wearer with ease.

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OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE,
No. 413 Broome st., corner of Elm,
NEW YORK, Oct. 20, 1858.

BY THE TWENTY-FIRST SECTION of the Act entitled "An Act to establish a Metropolitan Police District, and to provide for the government thereof," passed April 15th, 1857, it is provided, "That it shall not be lawful for any person to publicly keep, or dispose of any intoxicating liquors upon any day of public election within the Metropolitan Police District, under a penalty of fifty dollars for each offence, to be recovered in the name of the people of the State of New York, by the District Attorney of the county wherein the offence is committed.

And it further provides, that "no booth or box, for the distribution of tickets at any election, shall be *erected or maintained within one hundred and fifty feet* of any polling place within the said district."

It further declares that it shall be a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment "in the county jail or penitentiary, not less than one, nor exceeding two years, or by a fine not less than two hundred and fifty dollars, for any person, without justifiable or excusable cause, to use personal violence upon any elector in the Metropolitan Police District, or upon any member of the Police force thereof, when in the discharge of his duty, or for any such member to neglect making any arrest for an offence against a law of the State, committed in his presence, or for any person not a member of the Police force to falsely represent himself as being such member with fraudulent design."

The Police of the Metropolitan Police District are specially required to see that the above provisions of law are carried into effect.

F. A. TALLMADGE,
General Superintendent of Police.

A NIGHT WITH A MOSQUITO.

BY HENRY CLAPP, JR.

Jews excepted, I have from my youth up had a lively sympathy for all creatures who are the victims of general persecution. As a boy, I never hung a cat, impaled a fly, nor stoned a frog; and as a man, I have been equally considerate to negroes, lap-dogs, spiders, old maids, and even mosquitoes. I explain my compassion toward the latter by the fact, that while almost every other living thing, from the locust to the flea, seems to have had its defenders or apologists, the conspiracy against the poor mosquito has extended to the most tender-hearted of mortals, not excepting a Cowper, who

> "Would not needlessly set foot upon a worm,"

or a Wesley, who believed that all animals and insects were immortal. The only exception I can now think of is Bryant, who, in a friendly moment, wrote a few verses in favor of the little songster, which do credit alike to his heart and head; but there is a drawback even here, for the reader will see, by the following extract, that the poet was aiming partly at self-protection:

THE MOSQUITO.

Fair insect! that with thread-like legs spread out,
  And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
  In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins should bleed,
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

Unwillingly, I own, and what is worse,
  Full angrily, men hearken to thy plaint;
Thou gettest many a brush and many a curse,
  For saying thou art gaunt, and starved, and faint,
Even the old beggar, while he asks for food,
Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town I ween
  Has not the honor of so proud a birth,
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,
  The offspring of the gods, though born on earth;
For Titan was thy sire, and fair was she,
The ocean-nymph that nursed thy infancy.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Thou'rt welcome to the town, but why come *here*
  To bleed a brother-poet, gaunt like thee?
Alas! the little blood I have is dear,
  And thin will be the banquet drawn from me;
Look round! the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,
Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine dwell.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood
  Enriched by generous wine and costly meat;
On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,
  Fix thy light pump, and press thy freckled feet;
Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,
The oyster breeds and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows
  To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now
The ruddy cheek, and now the ruddier nose
  Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the brow,
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

For myself, I can not say that my interest in the mosquito is increased by my knowing (on Bryant's authority) that he comes

> "From Jersey meadows, fresh and green,"

or even by the poet's discovery that Titan was his sire, and an ocean-nymph his dam; for though I was attracted to him, in the first instance, out of pure compassion, I have come at last to love him for his own sake. And what makes this fact the more creditable to me, is that the sentiment does not appear to be at all reciprocal; for though there are said to be persons in the world (and even in Jersey) whom the mosquito, for some reason, never attacks, I am certainly not of that number. On the contrary, he seems to make of me a special victim; for example, in church, he will fly over the heads of the whole congregation, and installing himself in one of my ears as if it were a pew, wake me up right in the middle of the sermon; then again, at the theatre (for I patronize all established institutions), after visiting every person in the house except the actors and actresses—whom he scornfully avoids on account of a fastidious dislike of paint—he will turn his back upon the whole crowd, and come and nestle in the hollow of my nose (unfortunately a pug), and make it his seat of operations for the rest of the evening. Bless me, if I were a mosquito (and I have sometimes wished myself one), it seems to me that in a New York house, which is always radiant with beauty, I should make a very different selection; but I have often observed, especially on public occasions, that the mosquito appears to be animated by the spirit of gallantry: who, for example, ever saw him ruffle the composure of one of our belles at the Opera, or disturb her devotions at church? But then it is said that he more than makes up for these indulgences by persecuting our lady friends in their retiracy, and especially in their sleep, without mercy.

Me, however (to return to my story), he attacks at all times, and on all occasions, as if, instead of being his considerate friend, I were his relentless enemy. I am visited by the too punctilious creature before my neighbors are conscious of his arrival. He gives me the benefit of his first song and his first sting, and thus, as if he had an instinct of my profession, enables me to announce his advent in advance of all the papers. I pay somewhat dear for this privilege, it is true, but still it *is* a privilege, and the cunning fellow seems to know it, and to avail himself of it.

Now, strange to say, among all my visitants, no one is more welcome than this same mosquito. I look for his approach as a lover for the approach of his mistress, and receive him with all the honors of the season. He comes gayly along at the appointed time, punctual as a dun, and, after having announced his business, proceeds at once to the point (usually the tip of my nose), and having taken a hasty bite installs himself for the rest of his term.

That term, for the present year, is now at hand, and last night he called on me to have a long private interview, and forewarn me of his early departure for that bourne, whence, at any rate, every mosquito is sure to return. The ceremonies commenced in about the usual style, which, on my part at least, was eminently Christian; for, having stung me on one cheek, I at once turned to him the other, which he perforated in the same manner.

I gave up the whole evening to him, and in fact, I may say (though this was hardly optional with me), the whole night. His performances were very long and uncommonly piquant. He had recently visited every lodger in the house, besides one or two of the opposite neighbors, and revenged himself for being, in each instance, treated as a bore, by revealing to me many domestic secrets which his persecutors would hardly care to have exposed. Moreover, he sang to me the following song, which, somehow, I remembered to have heard before, though, for the life of me, I couldn't say when or where:

SONG OF THE MOSQUITO.

In a Summer night I take my flight
  To where the maids repose,
And while they slumber sweet and sound
  I bite them on the nose;
The warm red blood that tints their cheeks
  To me is precious dear,
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite
  In this season of the year.

When I get my fill, I wipe my bill
  And sound my tiny horn,
And off I fly to the mountain high
  Ere breaks the golden morn;
But at once I sally forth again
  To tickle the sleeper's ear,
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite
  In this season of the year.

On the chamber wall I love to crawl
  Till my landlord goes to bed,
Then my bugle I blow and down I go
  To light upon his head;
Oh, I love to see the fellow slap,
  And I love to hear him swear,
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite
  In this season of the year.

I had never seen my garrulous friend in such excellent spirits, and to my delight he had, at first, but a very moderate appetite; it appears that for the hour preceding his call, he had been "harping on my daughter" (on the next floor), and that she had treated him with great hospitality; in fact, this Oriental virtue characterizes the whole family, and it was pleasant to find even the mosquito showing an appreciative respect for our blood, which, I firmly believe, has

> Run through insects ever since the flood.

But the mosquito has one great fault; like many other very excellent persons, he has no idea of letting any body work in his presence. He belongs to the extensive class of non-producers who, though they have no objection to consuming the productions of the opposite class (without whom, indeed, they might find it difficult to live), have an elegant dislike to witnessing the *processes* of production. So, of course, on my friend's arrival, I had to suspend my labors at once, and devote myself exclusively to his entertainment. I have done the same thing many a night, with a mouse; why not with a mosquito, which, to me at least, is a far more interesting being, while, without doubt, he is much more accomplished.

I have a friend who takes the same interest in the common house-fly, which, in my view, is the vulgarest of insects, and deserving of rude treatment if only on account of his untidy habits, and his mania for getting into difficulties, and, for that matter, into everything else: as an English poet says,

> "They drownds theirselves in milk-jugs and gets into the tea,
> In every sugar-basin there's always two or three,
> We finds 'em in our puddings, we finds 'em in our pies,
> I've no patience with the rebels, oh! drat them tiresome flies;"

and yet the poor fly has its friends, and among others, the poet Pindar, who once rescued one of them from a bowl of punch, and then commemorated the fact in some very punchy verses.

But I am neglecting my mosquito. After singing to me his adventures of the season, which took the litte Bohemian some time, he recovered his appetite, and soon commenced "wetting his whistle" in my poor claret rather oftener than was comfortable for me, or, as it seemed, for himself; for after a score or two of libations he fell, drunk, all the way from my left eyelid (which I winked rather too suddenly) to the floor, where I hoped he would remain till day-break. Accordingly I went to bed; but I had hardly got well ensconced between the sheets before the toper was on his legs again (or, rather, on his wings), and as full of mirth and music as ever. His activity of limb and lung (I take for granted, though no naturalist, that mosquitoes have lungs, like other consumptive creatures) was amazing. His voice, however, had grown somewhat hoarse, so much so that I feared he had been standing in a draught, or else that the floor was damp, and he had caught cold; but this did not at all abate his vocal energy, for he kept up his singing and wheezing till morning, the only pauses being those devoted to refreshment.

Now if I had not acted on the advice of a cheerful writer in the October number of *Harper's Monthly*, who enjoins upon suffering mankind to cultivate disagreeable people, I should doubtless have had a dull time of it. As it was, watching my claret-bibbing friend's manœuvres made the hours pass away very pleasantly. One of his favorite dodges was to conceal himself among my whiskers; and routing him from this ambush was as difficult a job as routing a fugitive slave from the Dismal Swamp: it could be done only by setting the place on fire, which strategy, as it might possibly have proved quite as annoying to me as to the mosquito, I did *not* resort to. I preferred waiting his own movements, knowing that, as he was of a restless turn of mind, like myself, and given to roaming, he would soon venture out, if only for the fun of the thing.

Another of his schemes was to muffle his little gong and then play a monotonous air upon it, with a view, evidently, of lulling me to sleep. Succeeding in this, he would spread himself for a sumptuous repast, and having uncorked every vein within his reach, sip to his heart's content.

At last the happy idea occurred to me of trying the effect of tobacco-smoke upon him. I accordingly lit my pipe and fumed away for an hour, like a volcano on the eve of an eruption. At first this ruse was successful, for it crazed his little brain and made him whizz round the room very much like a scorched fly, while he kept up a kind of drunken dirge which was very amusing; but the mosquito, like man, is a very pliable creature, and easily adapts himself to circumstances; so that, after a short time, my friend was as much at home in the narcotic atmosphere as if he had been raised in Turkey. In fact, he seemed to like it; and under its influence, which from being soporific became exhilarating, he was more vivacious and more loquacious than ever. There was nothing he did not say or do during the rest of the night: a good reporter, who had been at the same time a good linguist, might have made up an article out of the scene which would have filled half a newspaper. I imagined the musical critic of the *Times* analyzing my songster's notes, and comparing his performance with that of Vieuxtemps on the violin, or Goldbeck on the piano. I wondered, too, what your "Man about Town" would have made of him. Alas! if he had attacked that worthy citizen's proboscis as he did mine, I fear he would have made "mince meat" of him; but that is neither here nor there.

Suffice it (for I must draw my story to an end, especially as I hear my friend coming again), suffice it, then, that I was much more amused than annoyed, and can truly say that I have not spent so pleasant a night for a long time as that I spent watching and reflecting on the movements of my favorite insect. He taught me many good lessons, some of which were peculiarly seasonable; his activity, his patience, his wit, his command of his resources (enabling him when his bills were dishonored in one quarter to draw successfully on another), all made a deep impression upon me, and inspired me with new courage. I treated the drafts of my creditors the next day with the same consideration that I had extended to his during the night; evading them altogether when I could, postponing them indefinitely when I couldn't, and when absolutely necessary (horrible alternative!) actually paying them. So that, after all, a man may gather wisdom from all the vicissitudes of life, and derive instruction even from passing a night with a mosquito. In grateful recognition of which fact, I beg leave to submit the following sonnet:

TO THE MOSQUITO.

Symphonious insect! scarce-embodied sprite!
  Who, though thy life is marked by bitter stings,
  Yet tun'st in glee thy "harp of thousand strings,"
How hard it is the world e'en one poor bite
Should grudge thee, as thou sound'st thy tiny gong.
  And, in thy best titillatory mood,
  Asketh of each his proper tithe of blood,
As meet return for thy mellifluous song!
"Live and let live" in vain we mortals preach,
  While thee we hunt with ever-murderous eye,
  And still more cruel, by vile network try
To place our tempting vintage 'yond thy reach;
  For though thy orgies fret the drowsy night,
  To sing and sup thou hast a poet's right.

—*Harper's Monthly.*

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

The Convention or Congress recently held at Brussels for the protection of literary and artistic property, having adjourned, we copy the following admirable summary of its proceedings from an interesting Report prepared on the spot for the *New York Times*:

"It may be well enough to say, in advance, that the Convention grew out of the fact that literary property not only rests upon a different basis from that of every other kind of property, but that this basis is not the same in any two countries of the world. Every nation has its own laws defining and limiting the extent to which an author may enjoy the fruits of his labor,—and the laws of one country have, as a matter of course, no validity or effect within the limits of any other. In England the copyright of a book lasts during the author's life, and for seven years longer—or for 42 years in case the seven years granted to the heirs, added to the period enjoyed by the author, do not make up 42 years. In the United States the term is 28 years, though this may be extended to 42 in certain cases. In France the right extends 30 years from the death of the author, or from that of his widow. In Belgium it extends 20 years; in Sweden, 20; in Russia, 25; in the Roman States, 12; in Spain, 50; in Denmark, 30; and in Austria, Bavaria, Portugal, Prussia, Saxony, the two Sicilies, Wurtemberg, and the States of the Germanic Confederation, 30 years from the death of the author. In Greece and Sardinia it is only 15 years from the date of publication. It was for the purpose of bringing about some uniformity in the legislation of Europe upon this subject, and also of giving the authors of each country the enjoyment of their property in every other, that this Congress was called.

"The discussions were in French, though delegates from other countries had a right to use their own language—their remarks being afterwards interpreted for the general benefit. Only Messrs. F. S. Cozzens, and Robert Bell, Esq., the former from the United States, and the latter from England, availed themselves of this permission.

"The business of the Convention was mainly in the hands of the French and the Belgian delegates. A large number of distinguished literary men from England were announced as 'adherents;' the names of Dickens, Bulwer, Gladstone, Mill, Reade, Tom Taylor, Reeve, Eastlake, and others, being upon the published list of members. But the only two English delegates present were Mr. Robert Bell, the dramatic author, and Mr. J. P. Knight, Secretary and Delegate of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in London. A long list of the illustrious literary men of France was also given, but with the exception of Scribe, the dramatist, none of them were present. The Publishers of Paris mustered in strong force, no fewer than twenty-seven being in attendance, and the debates were principally in the hands of advocates, who, it was easy to see, had been retained by special interests for their own protection. The President of the Congress was Mr. Charles Faider, formerly Minister of Justice in Belgium, and a man of considerable distinction as a lawyer and savant. The sessions were held in a moderate-sized room, none but members being admitted. The Vice-Presidents had seats upon the platform, directly in rear of the President. Immediately behind him sat a gray-haired man, of medium height and size, with a plain, serious face, and an air altogether so staid and sober that he would naturally be taken for a deacon in some orthodox church. This was Eugene Scribe, who has written more popular plays than any two other authors living. He represented the dramatists of France, and although he took no part in the debates of the session, he was warmly greeted when he appeared.

"The main point of controversy, the question which enlisted the warmest discussion, was that of the *duration of the right of literary property*. A very considerable portion of the members were present as ardent champions of the principle that an author has precisely the same right of property in the product of his intellect that a workman has in the labor of his hands. This was advocated with great earnestness and tenacity of purpose by several speakers, and when it became evident that a very large majority of the Congress was not prepared to adopt it, the minority evinced a degree of discontent and resentment amounting almost to indignation. One of the most prominent speakers upon this side was Mr. Breulier, a Paris advocate, who came prepared with a long and elaborate argument founded on the general nature of property and the impossibility of establishing any distinction between the products of intellectual and of manual labor. A much abler and more effective advocate of the same principle was Jules Simon, formerly Counselor of State and Professor of Philosophy at the Sorbonne in Paris. He based his advocacy of the *perpetual* right of literary property mainly upon two points. He was afraid, in the first place, that if the Government established the principle and the precedent that *one* kind of property might be seized, under pretence of the public good, the Communists might avail themselves of it to seize another kind. In the second place, M. Simon said he saw no security against the possible disposition of a tyrannical government, depending upon ignorance for its security, to suppress books, except in the recognition of the absolute, perpetual, indefeasible right of property in books, with which no government could ever interfere.

"He was answered by M. Wolowski, member of the Institute, and one of the most constant contributors to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. A more pleasing speaker upon the same side was a young Paris advocate—M. Chalmels;—and a still more effective one was M. Victor Faider, brother of the President, and a young advocate of Brussels. The main argument urged against conceding the perpetual right of literary property, was founded upon the assumed interest of society. The first necessity of a community is that it shall have the means of making progress: and if the heirs and representatives of an author have the absolute right of controlling the reproduction of his books, and even of suppressing them if they choose, a very formidable obstacle to social progress would be interposed. The analogy between intellectual and manual labor, upon which the absolute right of property is sought to be established, was denied. An author writes a book, and *his* work is done once for all. If it is reprinted at the end of ten, twenty, or fifty years, he does not thereby expend any additional labor, and does not consequently acquire any absolute right to additional pay. The question was treated as one of expediency and not of absolute right.

"This view of the case was pressed by M. Romberg, General Secretary of the Congress; by M. Foucher, who had been appointed Reporter of the second section, and by many others who took part in the discussion. It was sustained also by Mr. Cozzens by his vote, and by both the English delegates present. After the advocates of the perpetual right of literary property found that they could not carry their proposition in the form they desired, they endeavored to effect a compromise. They asked the Congress to declare that, as a general and abstract principle, the right of property in literary and artistic productions *ought* to rest upon the same basis as any other kind of property:—but that, in consideration of the public interest and the differences of opinion upon the subject, they would assent to its limitation. This, however, was rejected by the Congress, and it was finally decided by a very large majority, that *the right of an author in his works should extend to fifty years after his death*. This, you will observe, is only eight years more than is now accorded by the law of England, and virtually by that of the United States.

"The remainder of the discussions of the Congress turned upon various details of the proposed legislation. It was decided that every nation ought to admit the right of property in books, in the manner and to the extent proposed, whether other nations should reciprocate the acknowledgment or not:—that there ought to be one uniform law by which all authors, foreign as well as native, should enjoy in every country the product of their labor;—that the fact of an author's having complied with the formalities of the law in his own country, should be sufficient to entitle him to the protection of the law in every other; that dramatic works and musical compositions, works of design, painting, sculpture, and engraving, should be placed on the same footing as literary works, as regards copyright: and that there ought to be a reduction of customs duties upon works of genius. It was also voted that an author should have the right to control the translation of his works.

"The proceedings of this Congress, you of course understand, were merely recommendatory. It was simply a Convention called to discuss the subject, and to *advise* such legislation as should be deemed proper. The initiative in legislation will undoubtedly be taken by Belgium. The Prime Minister, M. Rogier, has attended all the sessions of the Congress, and evinced the warmest interest in the proceedings. The King and his eldest son, the Duke of Brabant, were present during part of the session of Wednesday, and at the close of the Congress, the President, M. Faider, announced, apparently by authority, that the Government would proceed immediately to take steps for embodying in the form of laws the decisions which had been reached by the Convention.

"How far the government of the United States will be prepared to go in the same direction, it is not necessary to conjecture. Thus far it has refused to take any steps towards the recognition of international copyright. The Brussels Congress evidently did not embrace the United States within the original scope of its plans, as nothing whatever was said during the whole session of the probable action of our Government upon the subject. Mr. Cozzens was received, however, as our delegate, with distinguished honor, and was warmly welcomed. The Congress seemed a little surprised, perhaps, that the United States, or anybody there, should take interest enough in the subject to send a delegate so far. Mr. Cozzens was by acclamation elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Congress. On Wednesday he addressed the assembly, but very briefly, saying he would avail himself of the permission granted to publish what he had intended to say, in the *Comptes Rendus* of the proceedings. He called attention to but two points in connection with the subject. It would be found indispensable, he said, to any legislation in the United States for the protection of foreign copyright, that the *manufacture* of the books should be done in that country. And in the second place he thought few Continental authors were aware of the great importance to themselves of controlling the *translation* of their works—inasmuch as they were probably not aware of the enormous extent to which their translated works were sometimes sold in America. These views, and others which he intended to set forth, Mr. Cozzens said he should extend in the written paper which he would present to the Committee of Publication. His remarks were translated by Mr. Romberg, and elicited marked applause from the audience. Just as Mr. Cozzens rose to speak, the proceedings were interrupted by the announcement of the King. The President left his seat and proceeded, followed by all the officers of the meeting, to wait upon his majesty, who soon after entered in advance, followed by his son—the whole audience rising and receiving them with applause. Both the king and the duke were in military dress, and acknowledged the applause by repeated bows. The king is tall, and begins to show his age. He has a broad and pleasant face, wears a wig, and looks to be, what I believe every one concedes that he is, an amiable, upright, and well-meaning monarch. His son is tall and slender—with more of amiability than energy or intelligence in his countenance. Both listened to the proceedings for an hour, and then took their leave—with the same formalities as had attended their entrance.

"The proceedings of the Congress were agreeably interspersed with social enjoyments. In the evening of the first day's session the members were invited to a reception by M. Rogier, the Prime Minister,—a tall, stout, fine-looking gentleman, who speaks English perfectly, and was greatly interested in American affairs. The second evening the members, to the number of 200, dined together at a *café*, and on the third evening they were invited to a reception by the king. The Congress finally adjourned on Thursday afternoon."

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

This is the greatest bird that has ever spread his wings over this great and glorious country. The place where he builds his nest is called an eyrie, away up on the precipices where the foot of man can't come, though perhaps a boy's might. The eagle is a ferocious fellow, and sits on the tops of the cliffs and looks sharp for plunder. He gets tired of waiting, and then he starts out in the blue expansive heavens, and soars all around on his pinions over the land and the water, to see what he can pounce down upon. But though he is called a very cruel bird, he always preys before eating, just like any good moral man at the head of his family. He eats his victuals raw, which is an unfavorable habit, but it is supposed that he eats it so because he likes to. He is a very courageous bird, and will fight like blazes for his young, and steal chickens wherever he can see them. He has been known to carry off a young baby to his nest, which seems to show that eagles love little children. He is a bird of great talons, and is much respected by birds of the feathered tribe that are afraid of him. He is a great study for artists, but appears to best advantage on the ten dollar gold pieces, and fifty cent pieces, and pretty well on the dimes, as he sits gathering up his thunderbolts under him, as if he was in a great hurry to be off. He has lately broke out on the new cent, and seems as if in his hurry he had dropped all his thunder. The American Eagle is the patriot's hope and the inspiration of Fourth of July. He soars through the realms of the poet's fancy, and whets his beak on the highest peak of the orator's imagination. He is in the mouth of every politician, so to speak. He is said by them to stand on the Rocky Mountains, and to dip his bill into the Atlantic, while his tail casts a shadow on the Pacific coast. This is all gammon. There never was one more than eight feet long from the tip of one wing to the tip of 'tother. His angry scream is heard ever so far, and he don't care a feather for anybody. Take him every way, he is an immense fowl, and his march is over the mountain wave, with the star-spangled banner in his hand, whistling Yankee Doodle.—*Ike Partington.*

AURELIE DE SOUBIRAN.

A female celebrity in the literary world has been brought to the attention of the public this week, after a long retirement to private life, by a most unfortunate accident. Aurelie de Soubiran, fifteen years ago the companion of Balzac, of Gavarni, of Alphonze Karr, Henri Monnier, Leon Gozlan, and others of that bright galaxy of Bohemians of the Press, since become masters of the literary band, was then a triumphant beauty, and a most charming and clever writer. At that epoch the studio of Gavarni was the rendezvous of the joyous band, and the scene of many a tournament of wit and of gay merry-making. On the side of the women there was neither less distinction nor brilliancy than on that of the men. Not only were they handsome, but they were clever to the ends of their fingers. But one of the whole band of the *Bohémiennes* (the female part of the band) has made her way in the world, and that one is Aurelie de Soubiran. She married the Prince Gregoire Ghyka, the unfortunate Prince who was killed a few evenings ago on the Champs Elysées, by being thrown from his carriage on his head.

One evening at the *soirée* of Gavarni, Aurelie de Soubiran declared her intention of visiting, the next day, the celebrated fortune-teller of the Rue de Tournon, Mlle. Lenormand. Balzac took both her hands in his, and begged of her to save her louis, and allow him to tell her fortune. The author of *La Comédie Humaine*, after gracefully kissing the hands he held, gazed for a long time at their lines with a concentrated attention. A profound silence reigned in the assemblage—so profound that one of the party, Laurent Jan, was inspired with that expression which has become so celebrated since: "One might have heard the stealing of a pocket-handkerchief!" At the end of fifteen minutes, Balzac had finished his examination, and Mlle. de Soubiran inquired her fate. "Rejoice!" exclaimed Balzac. "I am to have good luck!" "Better than you ever dreamed!" "M. Balzac will publish soon the romance I have given him!" "Better than that—you will reign!" "Over the *Revue des Deux Mondes!*" "Over a people!" This last exclamation of the illustrious author of the *Comédie Humaine*, notwithstanding the immense respect in which he was held, provoked a burst of laughter that nearly crushed in Gavarni's ceiling. "Laugh as much as you please," replied Balzac, shrugging his robust shoulders. "What is written is written. God is great, and I am his prophet."

Balzac's prediction came true. A few years afterwards Aurelie de Soubiran married the Prince Ghyka, Hospodar of Wallachia, and she thus became a reigning princess. On account of the troubles in the Danubian Principalities, the Prince Ghyka resigned his power some time ago, and came to France to await the proceedings of the Conference of Paris, lately terminated, and to further his candidacy for election as Hospodar under the new organization. The Princess Ghyka, deeply interested in her husband's success, had just brought from the press a political pamphlet entitled *Wallachia before Europe*, a moral and political tableau of the condition of that Principality, and a glorification of the House of Ghyka.

A curious fatality has pursued this family in its male branch. The great Gregoire Ghyka, Hospodar of Wallachia and founder of the fortunes of the family, was strangled by order of the Sultan for refusing to cede Backovine. A cousin of the late Gregoire Ghyka, who had also been Hospodar, committed suicide a year ago under extraordinary circumstances, and now we have the death by accident, of the last Hospodar of Wallachia in the streets of Paris, and in a manner which recalls vividly the death of the much regretted Duke of Orleans.

But something more curious still has characterized the marriages which have been solemnized in the Ghyka family. Recently the Marquis Respoli married a young Princess Ghyka, who had become daughter-in-law of the ex-Hospodar Bibesco, by a chain of marriages which reads more like romance than reality. The old Prince Brancovano, having no children, adopted a niece of his wife, Mlle. Zoe Mavrocordato, a Moldavian of great beauty and accomplishments, to whom this adoption soon gave an immense fortune. The old Prince Brancovano, who was a Prince of the empire, and who might have chosen from among the highest names of Europe or Asia, desired, for a good reason, to give to his adopted daughter a husband from an obscure family. He wished to have over him an absolute control.

With this view he chose George Bibesco, a youth of the people, who had just returned from school at Paris with a brilliant education. He obtained from his son-in-law what he desired—implicit obedience. As soon as eight o'clock sounded at the Palace Brancovano in the evening, George Bibesco was at home. But George at last grew tired of the caprices of the old prince, and, notwithstanding all his good fortune, the love of his wife and six children she had borne him, he fell desperately in love with a woman younger than his wife, and who was her equal in beauty. But this woman was the wife of the Spathar Constantine Ghyka, brother of the two Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia, Gregoire (just dead), and Alexandre Ghyka. She, also, this other beauty, had children, and one of these is precisely the young Constance Ghyka, who has just married the Marquis Respoli. George Bibesco, afterwards Hospodar himself, had enough influence to brave the Metropolitan (Bishop), and to procure two divorces—his own and that of the wife of the Spathar! He celebrated at once two brilliant marriages, and as this new union was fecund in its turn, there happened this singular and rather piquant particularity, that the family offered children of three unions, issues of fathers and mothers all living! At the present time the Spathar husband of the second wife of Bibesco is dead. His first wife, Zoe Mavrocordato, adoptive daughter of the old Prince Brancovano, is a maniac, and lives, consequently, in obscurity.—*N. Y. Times.*

STATE OF NEW YORK, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, ALBANY, August 2, 1858.

To the Sheriff of the County of New York:

SIR—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Governor, in the place of John A. King;
A Lieutenant Governor, in the place of Henry R. Selden;
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Samuel B Ruggles, appointed in place of Samuel S. Whallon, deceased;
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of William A. Russell;

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District, composed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth, and Eighth Wards in the City of New York;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Fourth Congressional District, composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth, and Fourteenth Wards in the City of New York;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Fifth Congressional District, composed of the Seventh and Thirteenth Wards in the City of New York, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Wards of Brooklyn;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Sixth Congressional District, composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth, and Seventeenth Wards in the City of New York;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Seventh Congressional District, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth, and Twentieth Wards in the City of New York;

And also, a Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States for the Eighth Congressional District, composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-first, and Twenty-second Wards in the City of New York.

COUNTY OFFICERS ALSO TO BE ELECTED FOR SAID COUNTY:

Seventeen Members of the Assembly;
A Sheriff, in the place of James C. Willett;
A County Clerk, in the place of Richard B. Connolly;
Four Coroners, in the place of Frederick W. Perry, Edward D. Connery, Robert Gamble, and Samuel C. Hills;

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Canvassers is directed to Chap. 320 of Laws of 1858, a copy of which is printed herewith, for instructions in regard to their duties under said law, "submitting the question of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same to the people of the State."

CHAP. 320.

AN ACT to submit the question of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same, to the People of the State:

Passed April 17, 1858—three-fifths being present.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. The inspectors of election in each town, ward, and election district in this State, at the annual election to be held in November next, shall provide a proper box to receive the ballots of the citizens of this State entitled to vote for members of the Legislature at such election. On such ballot shall be written or printed, or partly written and printed, by those who are in favor of a Convention, the words: "Shall there be a Convention to Revise the Constitution and amend the same? Yes." And by those voters who are opposed thereto, the words: "Shall there be a Convention to Revise the Constitution and amend the same? No." And all citizens entitled to vote as aforesaid shall be allowed to vote by ballot as aforesaid, in the election district in which he resides, and not elsewhere.

§ 2. So much of articles one, two, and three, of title four, of chapter one hundred and thirty, of an act entitled "An act respecting elections other than for militia and town officers," passed April fifth, eighteen hundred and forty-two, and the acts amending the same, as regulates the manner of conducting elections and challenges, oaths to be administered, and inquiries to be made, of persons offering to vote, shall be deemed applicable to the votes to be given or offered under this act; and the manner of voting and challenges, and the penalties for false swearing, prescribed by law, are hereby declared in full force and effect in voting or offering to vote under this act.

§ 3. The said votes given for and against a convention, in pursuance of this act, shall be canvassed by the inspectors of the several election districts or polls of the said election in the manner prescribed by law, and as provided in article four, of title four, of chapter one hundred and thirty of the said act, passed April fifth, eighteen hundred and forty-two, and the acts amending the same, as far as the same are applicable; and such canvass shall be completed by ascertaining the whole number of votes given in each election district or poll for a convention, and the whole number of votes given against such convention, in the form aforesaid; and the result being found, the inspectors shall make a statement in words, at full length, of the number of ballots received in relation to such convention, and shall also state in words, at full length, the whole number of ballots having thereon the words, "Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same? Yes." And also the whole numberof ballots having thereon the words, "Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same? No." Such statements as aforesaid shall contain a caption, stating the day on which, and the number of the district, the town or ward, and the county at which the election was held, and at the end thereof a certificate that such a statement is correct in all respects, which certificate shall be subscribed by all the inspectors, and a true copy of such statement shall be immediately filed by them in the office of the clerk of the town or city.

§ 4. The original statements, duly certified as aforesaid, shall be delivered by the inspectors, or one of them, to be deputed for that purpose, to the supervisor, or, in case there be no supervisor, or he shall be disabled from attending the board of canvassers, then to one of the assessors of the town or ward, within twenty-four hours after the same shall have been subscribed by such inspectors, to be disposed of as other statements at such election are now required by law.

§ 5. So much of articles first, second, third, and fourth, of title fifth, of chapter one hundred and thirty, of the act entitled "An act respecting elections other than for militia and town officers," and the acts amending the same, as regulates the duties of County Canvassers and their proceedings, and the duty of County Clerks, and the Secretary of State, and the Board of State Canvassers shall be applied to the canvassing and ascertaining the will of the people of this State in relation to the proposed convention; and if it shall appear that a majority of the votes or ballots given in and returned as aforesaid are against a convention, then the said canvassers are required to certify and declare that fact by a certificate, subscribed by them, and filed with the Secretary of State; but if it shall appear by the said canvass that a majority of the ballots or votes given as aforesaid are for a convention, then they shall, by like certificates, to be filed as aforesaid, declare that fact; and the said Secretary shall communicate a copy of such certificate to both branches of the Legislature, at the opening of the next session thereof. Yours, respectfully,

GIDEON J. TUCKER, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
New York, August 4, 1858.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET,
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Stat. vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page 140.

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